This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07492022 8

NARRAGANSETT;

OR,

THE PLANTATIONS:

A STORY OF 177—.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
MDCCCLX.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
708473
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1915 L

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

NARRAGANSETT;

OR,

THE PLANTATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

The embroilments of the common affairs were now increasing, or rather had already increased to an extent that was little short of the irremediable crisis. Newport was an exception: here the fashion of opinion was in the main anti-revolutionary; but even here the skirts of society were beginning to be exercised. Many of the town mannikins who had learnt to dive like ducks, and could hand, reef, and steer by nature, were already stung by the great bee of politics. The students of Livy were pointed by Quarry to the beautiful corpse of liberty,

draggled at the chariot wheels of kings, spit upon by Duumvirs, mangled by consuls and prætors, until it started into life and had a whole people for its lovers, and now inspired with passion some of the genteel boys of Newport.

The quiet Quakers who recommended forbearance and peace, really incited to violence and clamour. Their arguments on the side of power were obloquy in disguise, their apologies for its excesses the best warrant of hatred, and in pulling the popular pig by one of its hind legs, they much increased its desire to go forwards in the direction they wished. They had soothed many dependents on the social fringe into fierce patriots, and repressed publicists in bad shoes, and tribunes with one brace, into abettors of the last remedy. They had not neglected the fishermen, then an important class, from whom sprang the great revolutionary Admiral, Trixtun. These honest men, rough as the waves, and simple as the fish they caught, never could resist a Quaker or a woman. Tilley, who owned several smacks, and was respectable for his long

service and rheumatism, had been prepared by circumstances, and fell an easy prey to the first *friend*, who, to show up the working of stamps and taxes, hinted that ten in fifty of every haul he made went to the king; but that this was by no means the only advantage of foreign government.

Tilley, after the advice of the prelate of Whitehall, had sometime before paid his first visit to a regular doctor, in the belief that what Apollos deemed important, must seem so to Galen. Cornwall was a physician in fashionable practice, and to the pride natural to man, added the pompousness peculiar to doctors. Tilley was a humble worker, who kept his capital in an old stocking, and commonly put reproofs in his pocket, and besides required an appreciable time to take in a spoken meaning; and until this was disposed of his chamber of thought was always closed to another, so that in a rapid interrogatory his answers were like to get behind the questions. Long mingling with marine society had given him something of the head and shoulders of a cod, and if he did not walk after the fashion of

a crab, he held his arms before him precisely like a lobster.

As he reached the door of the great pulse-holder, he found the latter's shay standing there, with Josiah, his well-dressed yellow man, bending on the pavement to fasten or arrange his shoe-buckle. Is Doctor Cornwall in? said Tilley. Of course, or what should I be waiting here for? replied Josiah. Well, I am sure I don't know, said Tilley. He entered, however, and in the hall passed a gold-headed cane and sleek three-sided beaver, with almost the reverence the Doctor's own person would have imposed, though with less agitation, and presently landed on the fine-looking man himself.

Poor man? inquired Doctor Cornwall. Your servant, sir, replied Tilley. Anybody sent you —come from the Newport Benevolent—Fishermen's Dorcas? Why I'se not very rich to be sure, said Tilley? I'se got a big estate, but its powerful pullin to get any out o' it.

And nobody sent you, and yet you say you are ill, returned the physician, doubtingly. No, replied Tilley, with a rising feeling of independence, I'se come all myself. How are

you ill? where are you ill?—Societies pay all respectable cases. Poor man to be ill, never heard of such a thing. No, nobody didn't send me, but I guesses I ar ill, said Tilley, perseveringly.

Well, my man, I dont see much in your case, continued Cornwall. In both my backs, this here leg and all over, said Tilley. Where is your back, he inquired? Here, said Tilley, as he strove to cover with his hands the reverse of both shoulders at once, a movement but imperfectly executed—such an arful pain. Pain! replied the Doctor, as he searched carefully the fisherman's broad scapulars. Dont see any pain, cant be. This here leg, continued Tilley. Straighten it, said the Doctor, put it out. I'll put it out, but cant straighten it, said Tilley, with desire to oblige.

O, that is nothing, returned the Doctor. Bones will curl in frost. Besides, you soften them too much in the water, and then lie down just any how, careless men as you are, and they stiffen out of shape. But take care you dont break them—snap like sugar-candy.

Doctor, said Tilley, with desperate resolution, I ar very ailin. What! said the man of

science, with well-feigned astonishment, you know better than I do—well, that is revolutionary certainly. But this I can tell you, you are sure to die. When? exclaimed Tilley, in much alarm. How the dickens can I tell? he returned. However, my man, one thing is certain, my time is valuable, every minute worth a shilling, sometimes two or three times that. I must leave you, must say good-bye, gives me pain, but must say adieu.

On this slight hint Tilley took his leave, with feelings for the first time in his life of resentment against existing institutions, particularly one of the learned professions, and this by figure drove the nail that ten in fifty soon afterwards clinched. He shortly became an active partisan of the new light. He fraternized with his own son, already a virulent little rebel, and drew over his lieutenants who had hitherto been indifferent. In the hold of his rocking tub on sea nights, by a glimmering wick of fish fat, amid fumes of rum and tobacco, he argued the wrongs of kingly power, even if it required double rations to keep his scaly journeymen awake Even by day, when working in com-

pany, he mingled maxims of right with mackerel talk, and signalled speckled water on the port bow at the same time with no stamps on fishing-papers. Indeed he payed out the ideas of freedom sometimes more successfully than his trawls.

At Whitfield's, where gentlemen from various provinces, both elderly men and young sprigs of fashion, congregated, the subject of politics was often stirred. This season more than ever, in proportion to the nearer approach of the practical climax. Among the guests this summer were Willing and Latimer, very young men, both of good family in Philadelphia, whose views, if novel, were not less striking or profitable perhaps than others that drew different results from the same premises.

As they lounged against the rails on top of the steps in front of Whitfield's open door, on the day after Mrs. Todd's rescue, Willing said to his companion: Lovely puella we met in Thames-street yesterday—do you know her name? Could not the author of the Pentateuch tell you? replied the other, I observed you asked him in passing. At any rate it is the clergyman's daughter. Daughter! said

Willing, she is handsome enough to be the clergyman's wife.

After a pause in which both seemed to grow more serious, Willing ventured a dogmatic remark. In the progress of politics, said he, and the subversion of social solecisms, we shall all be gainers, and some will make a good deal by congressional contracts. The new era is certainly needed, added Latimer, for present establishments are worn out and perfunct.

I hope the rights of boys will not be overlooked, continued Willing. No feeling mind can regard their state without a shudder. Look at the Philadelphia Academy, and Penn's University is not much better; things are done within those walls which Roman Emperors never thought of. Boys are certainly much put upon, returned his friend. Ruddiman's Institutes, for instance, said Willing. I am sure I have had a dislike for ruddy men ever since, and even ruddy women do not hold as high a place in my esteem as they probably otherwise would. It has given me a turn against ruddy hair, said Latimer, but nothing further.

Boys, proceeded Willing, should have two

short days in the week instead of one, and the law should take care that apple orchards be planted in the vicinage of every scholastic establishment. Let knowledge come hereafter by oral converse, let the master speak out what he knows, which is the proper way of communicating it to others. To reverse the process and call upon tender boys to tell what they know touching subjects on which they are confessedly ill informed, is an absurdity the conquests of popular enlightenment must shortly dispel. If a boy do not eat or digest well I allow he should be punished, but to pain him in stripes, for not doing what is unnatural and exceptional, is a cruelty no state of well-ordered freedom can possibly admit.

No, sir, he continued, boys must be elevated in condition, but still under the restrictions of a tempered freedom. They should not be allowed to flog the principal without a cause, or the power always open, they must be held responsible for its exercise. Getting by heart must be utterly abolished, it fatigues the heart and takes up valuable room where only the social instincts were meant to flourish.

That organ believe me was meant to be filled with far other things than genders grammatical and Greek patronymics with sexual endings.

The period of their sedentary sufferings should certainly be abridged, replied Latimer, with increasing astonishment at his friend's depth of remark. And their pocket allowances doubled, added Willing, for it is well known the price of ground nuts and shinney sticks has risen extensively.

I am a liberal both by feeling and reflection, said Latimer, and of course could not oppose that. There is a section of the populace, proceeded Willing, that continually very much excites my sympathy. Pin-money will hereafter be to be considered, but look at whalebone averages now. Why a young lady once told me her bones cost more than all the rest of her was worth a few years ago. Now this state of things ought no longer to continue. From the age of seventeen they should have a circulating letter of credit on every jeweller, draper, milliner, and cordwainer within a radius of five miles from their residence for the time being.

I am amazed at the breadth and vigour of

your ideas, replied Latimer; but the first question is, will the capital of the country afford it? Certainly, said Willing, the country is prosperous beyond all former example, the population is increased by external deliveries and domestic accession. North of Mason and Dixon's line there is absolutely little more than a thousand square miles left for each inhabitant, and unless you mean to negative all rural enjoyment, and have a vast town coterminous with territorial limits, I think you will admit that biblical multiplication is no longer desirable.

I would not surrender the principle yet awhile, said Latimer.

While this sage discussion was going on, the little hall inside, besides the company already in the parlour, came to have some tenants. Ten elbow chairs, or rather skeletons of chairs in which only stout people could sit without pain, shared the two parallel walls. These were the customary resort of male Stylites, being a kind of middle term between out-door exercise an dthe fatigue of ladies' society in the drawing-room, and when filled,

as was often the case at intermittent periods during the day, twice as many anatomical legs and sometimes black-cased rapiers afforded a strange contrast to the baggy limbs that often rested there in a later age.

Farthest from the house front sat Mr. Luddy, a young gentleman of light figure and truly simian face, whose tongue had a fatal facility that could only be explained by the want of the mental machinery that usually weights one end of that useful organ. For those who could relish a flowing mendacity, and forget their affection for just sequence and reasonable deduction, he was an agreeable companion. His words, like water on an incline, turned with every obstacle, but never ceased to run, and sometimes, by circumstances more than his own design, guided to marvellous results.

Accident having carried him to the old country, he had lately returned thence, and was now in full flow, romping with the young princesses on the slopes at Windsor, or pacing with the king their father the terrace in the cool of a summer evening, when the easy old German said: You are a good fellow, Luddy,

I see it all plain enough, and certainly Amelia is a humming little princess; but you know I have to care for my royal house, Luddy, though if it were not for ministers I declare— but I will tell you what I will do, I will make you Governor of New York and double the tonnage dues.

Close to the door, Mr. Moore had placed himself in one of the patulous chairs alluded to, and seemed to have regretted it ever since. Time had brought him well up in the hill country, but his prospects were not suggestive. For a fortnight in residence, he had uttered little more than some question or reply about the restorative points of the day, and his oral constipation was now so confirmed that all the mental physicians in the house had given him over. Not liking to talk himself, he equally disliked to hear others talk, both on moral and intellectual grounds. Still he was fond of the society of well-informed people, and esteemed them in proportion to their agreeable silence. He constantly moved in his seat, tattooed with his fingers or rubbed his legs, with a rueful face and short, selfish ejacu-

lations. So that his next neighbour, Gouverneur, was unable to settle his belief whether the hardness of Whitfield's chaise pénal, or the heavy corn bread at breakfast, discomforted him. But he soon found another cause more serious than either.

Bless my soul! exclaimed Mr. Moore, turning to Gouverneur, how that man talks! I am a stranger to you, sir, but you must see this wont do. I am not very well, and my friends advised me to come here; but—I have acquaintances who are free certainly, but I never heard a man talk so in my life. I require quiet, perhaps a dangerous complaint, and he talks—

On the opposing side to Mr. Moore was found a half-pay Admiral from New York, Walton by name, who in early life fighting under Hawke in the West Indies, and capturing Spanish galleons wherever he could, had of late spent his summers in the fine air of Newport, as a frog will sit long on a pond bank enjoying a rarer medium than his usual element. His rhetoric was not abundant, though he had great store of thought; and in-

deed he usually informed new acquaintance that he had not been in the habit of talking, but they would find him otherwise cheerful. Mr. Moore even had taken the trouble to say that he found Admiral Walton a nice fellow, full of anecdote and recollections of distinguished people, and not more interesting for the part he had taken in great operations of war, than his frank engaging manners. On the other hand Walton had more than once expressed the short opinion that Moore was a dull man. Dear me! he will never do for a lively person like me, said the Admiral.

Like all naval captains, Walton always got out of a carriage backwards, as if he were coming down a companion way; and, what may be considered another pock of the same disease, had a little terrace in his back yard in Pearl-street, not so long as a quarter-deck, though he thought it resembled one. He thought Whitfield's charge for cork money monstrous, and that people's misfortunes were owing to want of reflection, and also that south side Madeira should not be kept over thirty years, and not so long, unless there was a large

supply of it. In his opinion it was only weak persons died—out of action. Indeed it seemed something ridiculous that any one should die without being hit, and in his case, as long as he kept on shore he had no thought of it.

But of late his health had been shaky, his worst foot was swathed in a bundle as big as a baby, and quite as unfeeling, he moved with difficulty, and on entering to dinner very late a few days before, his navigation among the eatables, that always at such times spread Whitfield's floor, being unskilful, he stuck his thick member into a full pudding-dish, and stumped along with it unconscious of the incumbrance. His habits had become more sedentary, his words fewer than usual, and for the present he was decided to spend the next two hours just where he was looking over the weather rail, and waiting for anything that might turn up.

His trust in the variety of incidents was not disappointed; for first, Luddy, seeing what he took for symptoms of riot in the mob of old gentlemen, and fearful of being roughly handled, suddenly ended his wonderful career

and abruptly vanished. And next, the Admiral himself was shortly to enact a part not more unusual than exciting. Subsequent to the period of Luddy's desertion, the comatose company did not come out of their mental dormitory; but probably they were enjoying the sensations of silence that always supervened on his absence. At any rate, as Willing winked his eyes at them, he said in a low voice to his companion, Agreeable, is it not? not a syllable yet!

They feed mouches all the morning, replied the other in the same cautious tone, and soak Madeira at dinner until they are boosey. Fine men once, they say; can it be we shall ever come to that?

Not likely, said Willing: how many years has the old swordfish? He says he was born the same year the Illustrious came off the stocks, returned Latimer. Bless me, he continued, and when was that?—but where does Moore come from, do you know? Miss Morris, replied his friend, says he comes from Barbary, and was formerly expelled from Spain, but I believe he belongs to Richmond.

You were asking whether the country is rich, resumed Willing. Why in this very town I could find you heaps of money you could not jump over; even little Boston has piles of it. There is aunt Betsey in Third-street sits on a box with a thousand guineas in it every night before she goes to bed, as if she were hatching eggs; and if she had a hole in her pocket she might walk from St. Peter's church to the Schuylkill, before all the crowns and half crowns would be out of it.

All elderly people are well off, affirmed the listener. And then the position of us fellows, Latimer, is very irksome, continued Willing, not at all what it should be. We are no longer boys, said his friend. Nor yet men, added Willing. Dependent and weak, what satisfaction to ourselves, what respect from others? It is wretched, replied the other, but listen, they are speaking.—It was so, for the Admiral, with an oceanic smile, had just then said to Moore, Have you taken anything this morning? to which the latter replied, A glass of sherry at twelve, I always do so, it

keeps it quiet until dinner. And then both relapsed into sacred meditation.

Think you revolution will not benefit us? continued Willing; will not our case be considered in the new constitution of things? The remedy is so simple that it may well stand at the head of a Declaration of Rights. What is it? inquired Latimer. Dignify our signatures at the bank, he replied, as if in the familiar form of permanent procuration, cheques drawn by us or the elder all the same, why not? I see no possible reason against it, said Latimer. One thing further, continued his companion, mortgages on patrimonial property granted by juniors must have equal validity with securities created by the head of the house. I would throw in priority of payment, but that it may be left to prudence and foresight to protect themselves by prompt decision and early negotiation. Is not your governor, my governor, everybody's governor, known to be wealthy? he added.

Happily it is so, said Latimer.

What on earth they can do with so much money I dont know, continued Willing. Easy

got easy gone, I suppose; but how they manage to spend so much in the course of a year is the wonder. Of course I would not be harsh or pry too closely into particulars, for at their time of life a good deal must be allowed to wild blood and profligate dispositions; but improper courses or extravagant habits can lead to but one end, and really should—must be checked, if not for their own sake, at least for that of others.

Before Latimer could assent to or deny the theory of his friend, it became obvious to both that the Admiral was stirring. After one or two failures, with the aid of a stout stick he stood upright before his chair, though his eyes left not the ground nor did his face part with its solid gravity. His next purpose was to approach the doorway, for he put out one leg in a coy manner, and then on reflection withdrew it for the other, though at last accomplishing the few steps the case required.

Arrived there, the young men lowered their looks and assumed the most respectful demeanour; but it was plain the Admiral had not yet reached the bottom of his design.

He raised one foot as if to pass the threshold, and then, as before, changed it for the other, but this other either caught in the doorsill or suffered a défaillance that refused the slight obstacle. The hesitation was dangerous, for the moveable centre of his ponderable matter was rapidly passing outwards. He raised his arm as if to save a fall, and in a moment his hard uncovered head, with the pungent sound of a spent shot, lodged in the middle of Latimer's front, with the effect to wring from the latter a sharp cry of pain. At the same moment, the uplifted arm and the stick at the end of it came down on Willing's head and shoulders, with a force that left little choice between accident and design. This evil done, the Admiral rolled over at the feet of his victims.

Save me, exclaimed Moore from the inside, he has gone off, and a young man too! Indeed at first there seemed ground for the assertion. The old sea-officer's eyes were open and steadily directed towards the young men, but in the opinion of the earliest bystanders, they saw without being sensible of sight. His face held

the look it had worn for hours, perhaps years before, while he was certainly speechless, for he said not a word. But it soon appeared that from a lower level of constitution he had been less depressed by the disaster than the younger sufferers. Poor Willing was hanging over the rail bleeding and seemingly senseless, while Latimer was doubled up, with features curled in the anguish of asthmatic difficulty. The catastrophe at once called persons to their aid, and before long all three were removed where they might be separately comforted as their respective injuries required.

The confusion had readily penetrated through an open door to the parlour, and at first occasioned great alarm to the company assembled there. This included Miss Harrison, and also Mrs. Todd, who, though dreadfully frightened, had taken but little bodily hurt by her late exposure, and, shortly after coming to the ground again, found her character come back with her composure.

Though the scene of action was near, the greater number chose to depend on the report of others rather than visit it themselves. Some

reasoned on the assumption that a wilful affront had been too severely avenged by the marine hero, but others wondered how two young men could so cruelly assail an elder. Both views became for a time insignificant, by Miss Harrison affirming that all three were killed, for she had seen them carrying away the dead bodies. Her credit, however, soon expiring, Mrs. Todd shortly avowed that if Todd was there, she was sure he would not let them fight so. But this colouring of affairs not having acceptance, she had recourse to another, and asserted that the stoop bannisters giving way they had all tumbled into the street. By degrees, however, in the face of comforting reports, all were reassured as to the nature of the misfortune, and that the results though serious would not be fatal; and the theory of inexplicable accident, though not Mrs. Todd's version, in the end supplanted the suspicion of malicious purpose.

CHAPTER II.

Once a year, and generally in the winter season, Dr. Hartley gave himself leave of absence and repaired to Philadelphia, where he spent a fortnight among companions he much esteemed. He drank a good deal of Admiral Penn at dinner parties, and ate a good many terrapin suppers, played whist at tables exclusively clerical that always gave a point to a layman, and sometimes rattled dice over the leather with Doctor Blackwell in a corner, or pulled straws with Doctor Fothergill for the punch brewing. The men of the South were large-pocketed well-to-dos, who had rather a scorn

of accumulation and did not practise it, but if not growing pecuniarily they prospered intellectually, and would rather be esteemed witty than wealthy. Hartley used to call them escaped monks or abbots at large. But these were the simple ages when everybody had enough and nobody too much; every one it seemed who was good for anything had been provided for.

Hartley was welcomed by these homogeneous families like the coming on of spring or the pairing season with birds. In return he sometimes attracted a cheerful man, generally a clergyman who called John London his diocesan, with bottles wrapped in his clean shirts and a carpet bag for cold chicken, to come East in the holiday season. Arrived there, Hartley did the honours of Providence Plantations. He introduced him to one he called the greatest orator in America (the spouting rock), and argued long that though five degrees nearer the Pole, Madeira would do very well without cooking, which had not been denied. The Southerner, though continually sounding the praises of Schuylkill cat-fish, of the state-house

yard, of Mr. Bingham's new house, had at last to confess, that setting aside the universal fourberie of the nation called Yankee, and the fact of their having denuded all participles present in New England of their tails, this foreign land had a good deal that was interesting.

At home Hartley had pleasures that lasted a longer part of the year. His professional industry, though with some disagreeables, was upon the whole acceptable. He delighted as a matter of duty to build up ritual, doctrinal, or social discourses, in his study, with his pipe and claret, and a fast sermon, from the natural dryness of the subject, always required another pint. These were sometimes stinging like the preachers at Paul's Cross, often eloquent like Bossuet, and the louder the Doctor's flock snored the greater satisfaction to his conscience; indeed it was safest to be hard on them when they were asleep. At any rate he it was probably first diffused in Trinity the papaverous air which still exists there. Among other things he busied himself with gardening, an occupation sufficiently ennobled by the ex-

ample of his Maximus Pater, and if not, it had qualities that must commend it to persons morally framed like himself. Tilling the ground was an example of the best kind of reasoning, and eating fresh vegetables of one's own growing a mental process that gave him much pleasure. Among his setting fruits and successional peas, when weary or vexed, he loved to refresh himself; and when most pleased with the world, here he was most happy, and here he daily spent some of his time, and best revolved what invited his thoughts or deliberation.

His garden if not rivalling the trellises and breezy lawns of Pliny, was a good example of Dutch taste adapted to clerical wants. A flat ground of nearly two acres, unwalled except where abutting on courts or outbuildings, really held within it all that garden could afford for man's delightful use. It grew everything for the table perhaps except fowls and sirloins. It had peaches, quinces, and plums, gravel walks and legumes, open parterres and cool coverts, stone seats, more than one dial, and even two or three begrimed weather-beaten

statues. It owned a little wilderness where the sun's rays never entered, then an admired feature on the home plat. Also a bowling-green that made a good open-air drawing-room, such as may still be seen in old places in the old country; besides smooth lanes of turf called alleys, which showed the converging principle of perspective, and were good instances of the straight line. Above all, it had tall holly or evergreen hedges, some higher than a mounted Houyhnym could have looked over, and others guarded by lions or wild cats, that always, growing blowsy and shapeless, had their youth periodically renewed with a better outline.

Beyond the garden was an orchard where the Doctor educated his varieties of apples and other fruits, and which no one was allowed to take liberties with or even to enter, except the hogs at the close of the pommary season, and then for a short time only and under surveillance. The Doctor's surprise was therefore one day great as his eye caught a hog lying at full length in a plainly larcenous design, in the branches of one of his oldest cherry-trees. At the same time he threw

down his tool he took up his resolution, and walking the nearest way though a devious one, and passing impediments with a serious air, had time to correct his first sight, and to observe that it was a man and a stranger who was thus making free with his red lips. Arrived nearly within speaking distance, he was again surprised to hear a voice from the other side of the tree exclaim: Hoorah for the rights of the people, society must be entirely reconstructed or we shall never be happy.

But I do not conceive, responded the Doctor from the top of his register, as soon as his astonishment allowed him breath, how your love of popular rights and reconstructive ideas can be at all aided by eating my ox-hearts. I fancy, he continued, in a tenor that really distressed him, it is rather a love of popular fruits that has led you to sneak unobserved through that stable-yard, to clamber over that difficult wall, to scale this special picket, and place yourself in a position where, turn as you will, your vital quarters must be exposed to a determined enemy—I shall fire without pausing on its propriety.

This, however, proved unnecessary, though the Doctor had only a fire of words at command, for the intruder dropping like a stone on the other side of the branches, and running quickly, again surmounted the primary defences, and was lost to view, while the Doctor was yet admiring the force and pungency of his own address. He returned to his work, indignant at the wrong he had suffered and much amused at its singular termination; but at last had to ask himself why he deserved to have cherries rather than the other man, and no answer being ready he dismissed the subject.

There was a point at this time that much engaged Hartley's thoughts, whether in his garden or out of it. Harvey Church had long been intimate in his family. The two families lived not many miles apart, moved in the same circle, and sympathy in more points than one had naturally drawn them together. But the patriot of Tiverton had now for some time, even before his appearance on these boards, evinced troublesome aspirations, and at a later period shown a virulent disposition to bind the alliance by closer bonds than those of friend-

ship. He had proceeded so far as to make formal mention of the matter to one he was prepared to view as his future father-in-law. The Doctor, though a good deal surprised, was still more delighted at the news. His sensibility to human affections had always been great, and none was surer than he that the happiness of the young is the comfort of the old. But though enjoying the affair in his sleeve with great relish, he chose to receive it with much outward wonder, if not disapproval. Indeed, the dissembler needed a great deal of explanation before his mind seemed at all to apprehend the nature of matrimony, or to open fairly to the drift of Church's machinations.

But if he could thus affect dulness when it suited his purpose, Hartley had a real blindness to answer for that surpassed the counterfeit. Though Church's attentions to his daughter had long continued, it had never occurred to him what meaning they had, and though he constantly found the young man under his nose, he had never asked himself the obvious question what brought him there. He had never talked much with Church, though

always pleased to see him. Opportunities had not been wanting for this; but the clouds of their spirits never seemed to drop fatness between them.

In these thin collations when they did occur, Church usually affirmed the number of quail he had bagged at Cockampog, or lamented that the farmers were driving them away from Quoncut, or if another topic were wanting, as was generally the case, would remark that a soppy June was sure to be good for the cocks. But such subjects, not over fertile of words with Church, were still less prolific with the Doctor. Though the latter had read of Scolopaxes in Pennant, and admired the plumage of pinnatipids in Peale's museum, his present intimacy with either referred to a later stage than Church's, indeed was confined to the period of brown gravy and buttered toast, and hence afforded no reproductive returns.

It is true, in early age Hartley had occasionally ridden to hounds in the Quorn country. But the bishop of that diocese having certified that he would admit no field chaplain to a living, our Doctor had assured his father of his

own definitive release from tops and buckskins. And also taken leave to suggest another reason against the clerical pastime, that might have stood with those in his Lordship's pastoral, namely, that in the pasture counties the thorns were so high and the brooks so wide, that chevaliers of the Church, usually stiff riders, are like to break their necks in a season or two. Since then, too, the Doctor had shot at more Puritans than partridges, though even this kind of sport was unusual with him. Though fond of moderate walking, he owned a speculative mind rather than active body, and enjoyed the stretching of his mental muscles more than the abnormal agitation of his real limbs; and the excitement of the field in every genre but ill-compensated in his view the dearth of spiritual pleasures that reigned there.

But Church had in this matter a friendly critic, with whom youth and long acquaintance passed at their worth. Hartley was a believer in derivation with blood of virtues and character; and in this respect the intervening gentleman was unobjectionable, for he belonged to a stock

of the best reputed then extant. He was aware of the extent to which the repute of Church's family for wealth, without loss in other respects, had dwindled. But this was not an obstacle, or hardly seemed so in his present humour. In these blessed days fortune was not always present nor looked upon as essential to fitting out a couple for the round voyage, even if in the present case the Doctor should not be able to throw something comfortable into the boat, as it left the shore.

Holding Miss Hartley's destiny in his hand, he still thought she ought really to consult her own feelings, and be guided by them alone. It was curious that she had given no sign from which these could be argued. Nevertheless, the Doctor proceeded in his course. Upon the whole, counting his chickens before they were hatched, he found reasons to be pleased with his prospects, and without precise warrant from the member of his family most concerned, was disposed to view the matter as settled. Though assured himself he thought it becoming to speak of it with doubt to others. And to his daughter, as he had repulsed Church with ineffable dulness,

he was commonly pleased to discourage her with simulated reasons.

It was some days after this important revelation that Hartley was at work one morning in his garden, and it was not long ere he found his daughter by his side. His pleasurable feelings had not yet subsided into settled calm, though he had that day rites of hospitality to minister, with which they might interfere.

Sir, I am sorry to say, remarked Miss Hartley, poor Tuscarora has got a swelled face. Tie up his jaws with a handkerchief, bluntly answered the Doctor.

My dear, he resumed, after a very meditative pause, is it not strange in this world, that people who are well off are never content to remain so? For instance you, good house over your head, hot joint every day, sometimes game, musical instrument, though much out of tune, yellow dressing-maid, and perhaps a visit to Philadelphia next winter—

Miss Hartley seemed to feel the difficulty of reply to this irrefragable argument, for she made no other than: Yes, sir, but how are the mulberry beds? I must go and look at them.

If you mean the strawberry beds, proceeded the Doctor, as I fancy you do, they are well. As to mulberry beds they have no existence in nature. You are aware that the Doctors Wharton and Ducachet have promised to dine here to-day—their theory is, I know, that the dinner lies under the cork. Still it is not fair to tie one to one's theory. So we must look beyond this brave sentiment. We can do that, sir, replied Miss Hartley; but, as you were saying the other day, we ought not to trust to what they say, but only believe our senses when we see them. They do not come within the category, replied the Doctor, first because they are too old to marry, and then because they have been married this any number of years. Besides prandial inducements are excepted from the general principle. Man who will refuse everything else from whim or caprice is seldom known to refuse a dinner; and if Ducachet and Wharton are the men I take them for, they will be punctual to bugle-call.

Miss Hartley had no objection to make to this overwhelming statement, and having received precise directions as to dinner, which

she was to carry to the cook, and the cook was to carry into effect, she left her father to render herself at the spot that has been described as the centre of life to all the house.

On her way she mused on many things, and thus musing her progress was slow. Like most ladies and gentlemen, she had a small gallery of paintings within, and Church resembled no one of them. But certainly she would have been loth to lose him as a friend, for at that time young men were not so abundant as might be wished—perhaps they never are, particularly in rural neighbourhoods. Lingering and abstracted, Miss Hartley held her design with too intermittent a grasp, and ere long fish and roast, snipe and pancakes, dropped from her mind so completely that they would probably have been found at intervals by any one that followed in her path, until at last it was doubtful whether she would be able to recall them.

She might have returned to renew her commission; but against this were several reasons, one of which was that it never occurred to her. The loss was important, for in that rigid age

one had better have missed the programme of a battle than the scheme once devised by the head of the house of a dinner. Puzzled with her efforts to remember what was almost still sounding in her ears, and half wishing she had never seen a dinner in her life, or that the Reverends Ducachet and Wharton would dine at home that day, she let her feet wander at will, and these carried her round a corner farthest from the kitchen and in a line of travel not likely to end there.

The scene before her would have attracted the regard of others perhaps more than it did hers on the occasion. A smooth shaven lawn spread far from the side of the house, as even as the face of a placid lake, but marked with the shadows of huge-limbed elms, that looked like recumbent giants on the turf. Under the leafy arms of those near at hand could be seen the horizon glowing in the heat of a summer's day. In the depths of this perspective appeared hills of no great heighth, in one part covered with thick woods and in others chequered with green fields of grain, and far on the left, for the level ground gave it the

effect of distance, was a wide avenue bordered on either side by tall lime trees, not so long out of flower but that their fragrance still seemed to linger on the air.

Turning to the house, large windows, reaching nearly to the ground, broke through thick shrouds and foliage that coming from the earth flourished to the very eaves; while in tawny trumpet-flowers, two or three humming-birds, with wings noiseless as a spirit but quick as light, found subject of contest or rivalry. Inside, had the eye reached so far, would have appeared an ample room with the body-soothing air of a large library. Broad beams of sunlight lay on the oaken floor or gilded the faded backs of old philosophers, patristic divines, and other relics of great spirits and venerable days. But outside of one of these windows hung a cage that, to judge by the sounds that came from it, was occupied in turns by a puppy dog, a strutting father of chicks, a cat, and a talented flute-player, but really had for tenant a mocking-bird, that was now diverting his sunny noon with an endless range of musical and imitative expression.

Miss Hartley passed a passionless donkey on the lawn, as if chiselled by Phidias instead of coming of a natural asinine mother, that turned its head, but missing the friendly recognition winked his long ears and resumed his studies. Mr. Fitzgibbon, too, once appeared on the horizon, but the lady was not conscious of his presence, or gave no proofs of being so. She sailed under easy canvas along a spacious pathway, beneath arches of natural woodwork, and like a passing ship, whose voyage and cargo are both unknown, gave no token of the way her thoughts tended or their burden.

The Doctor, whom she left in the garden moving plants from a frame, had been the while playing a confused part also, at least so far as a searching investigation of his big shoe-buckles seemed to neglect his work. Touching Church's mental qualities, for he still revolved the great subject, it was his conviction that human genius buds late, and the longer coming the better fruit; not to say that Nimrod appears in history before Solomon, and has left more descendants, perhaps a more useful race, for, thought the Doctor, I have known several Solomons in my

time that always seemed to do things backwards. Having reached this disparaging result, he proceeded to restore one by one to their cover the seedlings he had just before launched on the world. He was intent on this undoing of his work when Fitzgibbon approached.

My friend, said Fitzgibbon, surely some evil is approaching, or why should every one look so sad. I met Miss Hartley just now as sober as if she were prime minister of a troubled State. I fear she is, said Hartley affecting to sigh. And you, continued Fitzgibbon, what are you doing? Every one else has them out, and being out, what possible reason for putting them back?

I can only account for it, replied the Doctor, because the nursery seems the only safe place for us; I wish we were all back there. Well, added Fitzgibbon, I cannot exactly say that. I think you and I would be rather unwieldy guests there at present. But there is an age a step or two in advance of bib and tucker that certainly has its agreeable aspects. What say you to forty-five or fifty?

Where was she going? interposed the Doctor.

Her ultimate intentions I cannot speak to, Fitzgibbon replied; for as she would not look at me I did not look twice at her, but think from the direction she must have run against the donkey.

Poor thing! said Hartley. O you may be sure it was not much hurt, continued Fitzgibbon. A donkey never will get out of the way, you know; but to see the lathering they get sometimes they cannot have much sensibility. I misunderstood you, rejoined the Doctor. It is not strange, for my head has been full of business this morning. Mary was probably thinking of Church.

Church! why there is no church to-day, again remarked Fitzgibbon; but at any rate if she is to be in the pew, you ought to be in the pulpit. No, no, said the Doctor, you know young Church. Yes, I know young Church; but how young Church, who is probably twenty miles off, should cause an intelligent girl to foul a donkey in an open sea-way is not clear to my mind.

Hartley made no attempt to elucidate the matter, though his friend seemed to expect

that he would, but after a time the latter resumed: Church is a good fellow, a crack shot and excellent son. Touched in his politics, they say, but I know it is nothing but the whooping-cough; a great many young men have it now-a-days, and an ugly noise it is. The only fear is he will marry some dowdy on the main one of these days, if—

Ah, his lawsuit, said the Doctor. Yes, continued Fitzgibbon, with Seixas for enemy, and Pynchon for his lawyer, Fortune has certainly signed judgment in his case. I wonder he does not do like the man in the novel, who dreamt he was at law, and jumped out of the window in his night-shirt.

They say he has the right though, replied Hartley. It may be; so had King Philip and all the dynasties of this stolen land, but you see what they came to. Perhaps I can help him, said the Doctor. Yes, returned Fitzgibbon dryly, you can sell the old wine; but before you begin to reward merit, had you not better count the green corks?

Deuce take the green corks, said the Doctor. John, it is wrong in you to make me lose self-

control, and I a priest. And a very good priest too, all but your swearing, added Fitzgibbon, and agent of the society in Lincoln's Inn Fields to boot. But were you Roger Williams himself, I would tell you it is the worst profanity to speak in that way—forty years in bottle, certificated too by the Bishop in partibus, with saving clause to avoid the infidels, of course they must be churchmen—

The Doctor was so far a qualified priest, that the capacious cellars under his main building contained a great store of old liquors. The larger part held only empty bottles, whose numbers defied arithmetic; but others embraced a vitreous people, whose undrained souls promised that happiness would not leave the Hartley household for a long time to come. These provisions of the true vin Théologique et Sorbonnique had been reposited by the departed Dean, not for Hartley's use, but his own. But there came a time when the flock that Cloyne had gathered, and the shepherd that loved them, must part, and then if ever his faith in the ideal theory was staggered, for he named them in his will like sensible existences,

and enjoined it on the trustees of Yale to part with them to a poor clergyman only. Hartley, many years before in treating for the old house, had given the negotiations a binary squint towards the old wine; and though not for those times what might be called a poor man, he humbly rated himself a poor clergyman and secured the bargain.

Well, he resumed, I must not keep a secret too long. And leaning to his friend's ear he conveyed some intelligence in low tones, but more perhaps in expressive gestures, that had on the hearer striking effects.

No! exclaimed Fitzgibbon, with his face warmed with pleasure, have notes passed, have protocols been signed, is the ultimatum accepted? But just then a sun enlivened horse-fly that had settled on the flank of Fitzgibbon's leg, began to draw results from the action of his suction pump. As the pain grew sharp, the leg was drawn up nearly at right angles to its fellow, and in this form Fitzgibbon received the Doctor's communication. As the announcement became interesting, the agony also grew severe; and while his spiritual pleasure seemed

swelling beyond bounds, the mortal suffering was intensifying to a degree that forced him to signify to Hartley he could not bear it.

Hit him, said the Doctor. Already Fitzgibbon had made ineffectual efforts, but his hand seemed unable to find the horizontal limb, or succeeding in that to specify the spot of anguish. Do you, dear, said he. Accordingly the Doctor with precise aim for an open-handed blow, crushed the bully and his last buzz together, and toppled over his friend into a sprouting asparagus bed.

I am much obliged to you for knocking me down, said Fitzgibbon, recovering himself. I have always remarked, coolly returned the Doctor, that tight stockings are no dress for the garden of a sunny day. You should get a pair of the new-fashioned long legs, or "pantaloons," as they are called from the singular character in Italian pantomime. Wheeler in Thames-street makes them. You know this is the selectest home of multiform tribes that prey upon your juices, and have a constant hankering after human blood.

Shocking! exclaimed Fitzgibbon I think a

man can do better than throw away his legs; but I shall get out of it as soon as possible. And if I did knock you down, continued Hartley, you have broken my buds. But Fitzgibbon was already walking away, and soon was out of his presence entirely.

CHAPTER III.

EVERYTHING is uncertain; and this proved to be the case with Hartley's dinner party. Late on the preceding evening, Wharton had received important despatches from Philadelphia, that required his earliest presence there. Mrs. Wharton, after having left him for several years in the quieting belief that his house-list was complete, had suddenly taken it into her head to top off the infantile train with a last man, and though not yet accomplished, the menace was shortly made good; and this, superfluous at any time, must seriously compromise his plans of summer travel. Accord-

ingly, in a hurried note, that reached its destination but slowly, he had wished to inform Hartley of the disastrous cause that would oblige him to be en route at early dawn.

Ducachet about noon the next day had gone into the surf, with thoughts too much diverted by comparison of his own lot with that of Wharton, whom he pitied though he could not help smiling at his misfortune; and having overpassed the white water, allowed himself to be sucked into the current that at certain times sets in at one side of the beach to sweep out at the other. His cries for help caused an unanimous rush of all the other bathers present out of the water, each one ensconcing himself and dressing in all possible haste. Ducachet was a passable swimmer as well as good theologian, but neither availed him now; for though his most frantic efforts aimed at the land, to which his feelings seemed the more keenly attached the more it receded, he was making great progress backwards, and promised soon to leave the American coast. This would doubtless have been the case, had not Tilley fortunately hailed him from a landing

hoy, and picked him up more dead than alive.

To the same benefactor he was indebted, aided by several seine-halers, for rolling him actively up and down the beach stones, and then energetically dry-rubbing him with sand, until a doubtful animation came back to inhabit a very sore skin. Not being able to meet with his clothes readily, or thinking the fresher the delivery the greater the reward, Ducachet being unable to form an opinion on the subject, they wrapped him in a boat-sail, and bearing the semi-corpse on their shoulders, rendered it at Whitfield's just as the company were at high flood in front of the house.

The head man demanded to know if the person they carried boarded there, which of itself was enough to upset chairs and excite shrieks and scattering outcries. A medical student from Philadelphia, who had once assisted at the unrolling of a mummy, directly confronted the question of identity, but until he got to the head could find no traits distinctive of Ducachet. Even then there were two sides to opinion; but at last on applying a

pair of clerical bands, the likeness became striking, and the speechless pensionary was admitted to his rights; but in a state of durable prostration that precluded his dining with Hartley that day.

Hartley's sorcerer, in fault of orders, had made the dinner that was fated to fail of its guests, not costly nor yet common, but it had passed without remark in the wonder caused by the absence of two such punctual men. It was two or three days before the true reason was known; but at last Hartley's curiosity carrying it over his dignity, a simple horseman was sent in, who after some hours brought back word, together with the tardy note, that Doctor Wharton had had a child, and the other doctor been half drowned.

It was some days after the excitement of these events had subsided, that the Doctor was seated at breakfast with his family, then a small one, for it numbered only his daughter and Fitzgibbon, in the chief's study. Others besides Hartley affected its pleasant resort. It occupied a corner that caught the earliest Aurora from over the sea, and gathered

meridian beams through two windows, enriched by a thickly-traced arabesque of honeysuckle flowers and briar roses. A roomy fire-place was surrounded by tiles, inscribed as the Doctor said with scriptural subjects, though they did not suggest their origin to a stranger.

On one side of the high carved chimney-piece hung a half length of Fitzgibbon, in his early bloom, and an equally pristine dress, and over the hearth a large picture of the town of Ghent in a snow-storm, with men and women skating on a canal, and others drinking at the door of a booth, with other low exhibitions common in the Low Countries. In different parts also were to be seen several prints, one of the Frog-pond, a patch of water with several cows, and one young lady reading under a large elm-tree, that must have looked to the frogs like the universe; and another styled The Bowery Tea Gardens, a formal scene, with the seeming figures of a Dutch aristocracy, but where the locality is now to be assigned, or the people of fashion found, we know not. Between the windows stood a mahogany toilet; and on one side of the room a chamber organ, reaching

half way to the ceiling, was flanked by a towering pile of music.

The walls not otherwise appropriated were covered with shelves, and these filled with volumes, as if aping the wealth of a neighbouring region. But the books in part were hid by a hanging picture of a land in which the Doctor also had a title of interest with ourselves, but truly a very bad likeness. In this relic of the ancient geographers, Connecticut touched the Missouri for its western boundary, and Virginia without interruption of parallels enclosed the modern Kansas, while the immensely drawn-out sentence Creeks and unknown nations—stretched diagonally across twenty degrees of latitude from the Mexican Gulf, to the Caroline Mountains.

The day was fine and promised to be warm. Twittering swallows swept like arrows before the windows, while feathered wayfarers of humbler talents with less activity had equal enjoyment. Inside, a snowy cloth presented engaging prospects, that, seen from different points of view, seemed equally interesting in all. The ample meal was something between

the beer and drums of Queen Elizabeth, and the lighter luxuries of modern times, and the garb of the company was equally removed from either extreme. Hair-dressing in this age requiring the aid of an extern, sometimes hot tongs, always a good deal of time, deferred itself to a later hour, and it was a problem therefore what to do with one's head at breakfast. This was answered by the fashion of appearing in a bonnet de levée, an open cylinder, that, tightened round the forehead, gathered the whole mass of hair on top, and the other end being drawn, made a live cone, that usually nodded first one way and then the other, and was sensitive to merriment, and particularly so to ill temper. On the present occasion, Miss Hartley wore one of blue colour. But it was not confined to one sex, for at present Fitzgibbon had a bonnet de levée and so had the Doctor, both of black silk.

Before Hartley had finished the last words of a very long grace—Excellent, exclaimed Fitzgibbon, it could not be better. No odds against the weather this time.

I really hope, Mr. Fitzgibbon, said Miss

Hartley, you will not go to the library. I have observed that sunshine regularly takes you to prison, and when the day is wet you spend it out of doors. It is a belief of the wise, he replied, that the sun is of more worth in a house than out of it. Bad weather is good for nothing else but exercise.

Are you going to town to-day? inquired Miss Hartley. Not I, he answered,—that rich man that is not a Christian—if you can sound his name, it is more than I can, my lady. Seixas, said Miss Hartley. How! said the other, as if surprised at the ease with which the task was surmounted. You know the French word *chasse*, she continued, and the English *say*. Put the two together thus, *say-chasse*, laying the stress of your voice on the first vocable, and giving rather a quick expulsion in a light unpremeditated manner to the second; but the result mainly depends on doing it without the appearance of labour.

Fitzgibbon drank in the long instruction with attention, and even moved his lips as if reducing the precept to practice; but when he did articulate it was to say, What with the

slave-trade, my amiable friend, and that ill-used angel, Leah ——, I believe some tremendous judgment will one day upset Newport into the deep water alongside of it, and therefore make my visits as few and short as possible.

He is descended from the loins, remarked Doctor Hartley, of the first Jew that ever came to America. In 1680 the municipality of a town in Poland banished their Jews, and among them was a Seixas, not a rabbi, but a rabbit-skin dealer, who sometimes extended his operation to the old skins of men. He was a very industrious man, famous for money-getting and cheating cooks. Much was then said of the enchantments of the newly-discovered West, and he resolved to plant his fortunes here. His arrival was considered so important that he landed under a double bob-major from the court-house and all the cow-bells, and a congratulatory address from the mayor of How do you do? and a tender of hospitalities from a committee of the council in the form of Won't you take a drink?

Elliot when he wrote on the lost tribes, continued the Doctor, alluded to this family, but

his argument to be worth anything must, I take it, ride an instance anterior to historical times, or the question remains Where from the dispersion up to Seixas? Here is a chasm that certainly wants a bridge. If the bones of a Seixas could be identified—I could identify the bridge of his nose wherever I saw it, interrupted Fitzgibbon—in one of the barrows so familiar to us, continued the Doctor; I wish I had his bones in a barrow, said Fitzgibbon, I would soon wheel him off;—as existing, proceeded the other, in various parts of the country, or if a living Seixas had been found here when the Spaniards first landed—

Hartley, said Fitzgibbon, gently putting aside his historical remembrances, there is a black girl looking in at us. The Doctor turned to assure himself of the truth of such a solecism in domestic manners, and discerned close to the umbrageous window-sill bright eyes that sparkled from a black face beneath what seemed a simple form of white head-dress.

Why, the huzzy, he exclaimed, what does she mean? Mary, my dear, ring and let Ptolemy tell her to go away. Go away, he said,

whipping his napkin towards the intruder,—go away instantly. But the face seemed neither to hear nor understand, though looking steadfastly at him; at any rate its gaze was not withdrawn, but seemed more fixed than before.

It is Pharaoh Jakes' eldest daughter, he continued. Jakes was always a saucy fellow, and it is a quality that grows in descent; but I certainly did not expect such boldness, equally opposed to her age and sex.

The act continued with such provoking indifference to every expression of dislike, that by degrees, the company approached the offender; but the first comer, instead of Jake's sin-inheriting daughter, at once recognised Miss Hartley's dog Tuscarora. With fore-paws resting on the stone coping, his nose depressed against the bottom of the window gave a vertical outline to features that peered through the leafy woodbines. His long face, artfully bandaged with a fine muslin handkerchief, the ends of which came up behind the ears to form a florid boss on top of his frontlet, also increased a deceptive resemblance, while a slowly-wagging

tail spoke as plainly as tail could that the smallest favour would be acceptable.

Poor Tusc, exclaimed his mistress. Sir, you know I said he had a poisoned face or something. I thought an airing would do him good this soft morning, but had no idea he would come here. Just out of hospital, spoke Fitzgibbon: he is hungry I dare to say. I will give him a cold leg of chicken, if you say so, or a leg of cold chicken, just as you please, but only if you say so. And the Doctor having looked assent, he carried out his intention. If you had been there, said Fitzgibbon, you would have saved Ducachet, would you not, old fellow? Tusc, by a simple motion, slipped off his surgical wrapping, and without answering the question received the benefaction with the appetite of a convalescent.

It is another instance, remarked Hartley, as they returned to the table, to show how prone we are to wrong others. You may be sure he did not view it in that light, returned Fitzgibbon; dogs never mind such things. O, Mr. Fitzgibbon, interposed Miss Hartley, amused at this perverse interpretation, my father was

thinking of Betty Jakes. Well, if you turn it that way, he replied, there is no harm, for I am sure she thinks him handsome, as every one must.

At church last Sunday, spoke the Doctor, when the time for a new topic was come, I observed a good many new faces. The Singletons were in their pew, and the Carters—Mary, we must call on them soon. And the Jays, Gouverneurs, Livingstons,—said his daughter. We shall have all the Gentile nations, whispered Fitzgibbon; but I wish my friend White were among them. That angelic young doctor! added Hartley, so simple and yet so polished. They have all come, continued Miss Hartley: the Indian is full, Potter's is completely full, and Whitfield has every room engaged by the 10th. Sir, are all the Ingersolls in Philadelphia lawyers? she asked. I do not know, my dear, replied her father, but I believe all the lawyers are Ingersolls.

Fitzgibbon, said the Doctor, Mr. Jay tells me his own horses brought him in ten days from Westchester county. Very good travelling, replied Fitzgibbon, Singleton was nearly as

many weeks coming from Charlestown. Dreadful roads, I suppose, said the master of the house. Bad enough, returned the other; the nurse bit off her tongue with a jolt, and all the baby's teeth came through prematurely. But that was not all—the coachman got shaking as bad as could be, one of the horses fell into the Pedee, another lamed himself at the Santee, and the rest caught the ague from the coachman, d'ye see.

In a short time the business of the family meeting appeared completed, leaving only those indolent postcibary moments that, when arrived, seem to equal in pleasure the great objects first accomplished. Miss Hartley took advantage of the moment, and retired from the room almost without observation, leaving her seniors to entertain each other as they sometimes did over the pigmy wrecks of the morning meal.

How did you sleep? asked Hartley. Like a man of fortune, replied Fitzgibbon. You did not hurt yourself the other day? continued the Doctor, disconnectedly, though with a hieroglyphic look that left no doubt as to his meaning. No, I did not hurt myself cer-

tainly, replied Fitzgibbon. A violet tinge on one shoulder and a buzz in my ears all night, that was all. I am an old woman, John, continued the former, to tell you everything. Pray do not say anything about it, at least for the present. It is clear you do not consider me one, replied Fitzgibbon, or you would not make such a request. You may trust me, the Fitzgibbons were ever faithful in love.

But what shall we say to politics, Master Fitzgibbon? said the Doctor, as if the important subject, required a more formal address. What a state they are coming to!

Nothing, replied Fitzgibbon, your business is with individuals, not commonweals. Save as many souls as you can, but you have no concern with terrestrial polities. There is Clymer, continued Hartley, is it possible he intends to throw himself into this ship of fools, or traitors, rather? He has a family and is capable of anything, replied Fitzgibbon.

And should there be a change, hinted the Doctor. We shall all go to the place where pepper grows I fear, said Fitzgibbon. Shall I pray for the King? pursued Hartley, ad-

dressing the question to his own thoughts rather than to his companion. Yes, and every one else, why not? Leave the wicked to their own devices? Certainly, in a general sense, returned Fitzgibbon, but roast particulars as hard as you choose. Our Mount-Vernon friend is a soldier: he was at Braddock's battle; he will act his part, but I need not say it is different from yours.

If I could preach better! sighed Hartley. That is easily done, replied his adviser, preach shorter. John, said the Doctor, recovering himself, if things get worse you will have to give us your sermon on the old French war again.

At last spoke the Doctor, with gravity, as if what had passed had only been preparatory to a further object: There is a matter I want to consult you about. The situation is new to me, though I ought to have foreseen that I might one day be called on to confront it, but I regret to say I have given it too little thought. You and I have had experience and understand life.

We have done everything but died, said Fitzgibbon assenting. I wish, continued the

Doctor, to adhere strictly to the best precedents. Stare decisis, again remarked Fitzgibbon; a man might as well steer by heat lightning, as have no principles. I doubt not we who know the world, and have seen all the phases of things—continued the Doctor—Are up to anything, supplied his companion.

No, my friend, replied Hartley. I confess for myself I am much at a loss. I have tried to refresh my own experience, but it is like attempting to dive into a pre-existence. I cannot get behind the bounding circumstance all I can do. But you might come a little nearer to it, or I shall never know what you are talking about, said Fitzgibbon.

Well, then, said the Doctor, in difficult junctures it is good to have a friend; indeed, what is the use of having a friend, unless that when one's judgment is prostrate, and staggering under the old burden of novel affairs, it may put out a hand, and lean on, or at any rate feel a better head than its own. You saw Mary at the breakfast table this morning—

She comes in like a constable on a nest of coiners, exclaimed Fitzgibbon. What a con-

fusion of criminal figures! How can you stagger after you are prostrate? and as to your judgment putting out its hand, I do not believe it will do you any good to feel my head, but if you think it will you are welcome to do so. John, you ever had little fancy, said the Doctor, collecting himself; but I shall approach the subject. If you dont do it this moment I shall go out, said Fitzgibbon. I certainly did see Miss Hartley—it was only a few moments ago.

You are really the most prerempt of men, said the Doctor, raising his eyebrows. You would make an excellent Proctor, or Governor of a colony, eh! You have reckoned, I suppose, replied Fitzgibbon, how long it takes to send a man's senses to the moon, and how long the human intellect can endure—

No, I have not, said the Doctor, positively. I have not given attention to the subject at all. Here it is, what I was going to say is this: in case of an engagement—let us pose an engagement, if you please. I understand, said Fitzgibbon, a betrothment, what the Romans called espousals.—Ought the young persons to be left alone together? That is the point, and I declare

to you I am as much at sea on it, as if I had never lived in the world at all. I would not consult a lady friend, because I know their sex favour on all occasions a liberality that verges on licence, and are more given to upset the rules of life than respect what is established.

I am glad you have mentioned it, said Fitzgibbon. It is a most interesting point. Of course it must have occurred to a man in your situation. I am peculiarly fitted to advise on it, because, Hartley, you must know I once stood in the place of a contractor for matrimony myself, among the best people too. There cannot be a more authoritative case, though it is a long time ago, forty years about.

I thought so, returned the Doctor; and now tell me, do you retain details? Perfectly, said Fitzgibbon, as he took out his handkerchief. And the result? Never, he replied firmly. You must not think of such a thing. You will do wrong with your eyes open if you do it at all.

Not walking, nor riding, nor reading, nor anything? asked Hartley. Highly improper and seriously to be avoided, said his friend definitively. Why, Hartley, think how was it

in your own case. A vague recollection of feelings of restriction, replied the Doctor; but I cannot recall anything positive. In fact I have nothing clear beyond Henry took spoon-meat.

Not so with me, resumed Fitzgibbon. These were the first words Lady Arabella Springett said to me: You will please communicate your feelings through me, Mr. Fitz: we are very delicate, but my daughter takes pleasure in your society. Of course I obeyed, but you will imagine they were tucked up like trussed chickens.

But after a while you conversed with her? inquired Hartley. Of course, but Lady Arabella was always in the room. But sometimes without the presence of the mother? Yes, said Fitzgibbon, but there was always a footman the other side of the fire-place, who always got exceedingly tired. I see him yawning now, in red plush breeches and shocking dead eyes. But when he went out? There was always another came in, replied Fitzgibbon. They took care to cross inside the doorway; and down to the day of the disruption, Hartley, I assure you I never once felt solitary with her.

Ah, that settles it, said the Doctor. There can be no doubt of the rule, and I shall act accordingly, supposing the affair reach that stage, which at present, of course, you know is uncertain. Did not Proprietary Penn, or one of them, marry a Springett, Fitzgibbon? My intended grand relation, replied Fitzgibbon.

CHAPTER IV.

At the moment that Hartley inquired of Fitzgibbon whether Proprietary Penn did not marry a Springett, the door opened, and Ptolemy announced Mr. Malbone, and shortly afterwards that gentleman entered the room. He was a bachelor of fashion, who had reached a point in his career where lonely happiness required some effort to keep it off of double misery. He had never married, because he thought women were too forward, and had not deserved that encouragement at his hands. Still, like many who dislike or fear the influence of the sex, he had great enjoyment of

their society, and having naturally kind and generous dispositions, was a favourite, particularly with the young, and esteemed a gallant knight, even by those whose power he rebuked.

He had a good house, planted half way up the south side of Tammany, a broad-bottomed colleen near the bay shore, about a mile directly north of Newport. On this elevated terrain, he said he had the hill to keep his back warm, and a thick plantation of firs on the left to strain the aeriform fluid from Cape Sable, a far-fetched vapour that he thought unfriendly to his health and depressing to the spirits. The sun daily crossed his front, and Newport itself formed a nearer and more stable feature in his prospect. Here, he boasted, not a boat could cross nor a ship enter the bay without his seeing them; but, indeed, a great deal of navigation was carried on even by day without his being aware of it. He had a little body, but large spirit, which caused him to swagger in his gait, as if his figure were constantly stretching towards a more stately ideal. But in both there was remarked a pleasing activity that wore the look of perennial cheerfulness,

and was prized accordingly. He was attached to his friends, and for many years had cherished relations with Hartley and Fitzgibbon, and others at a distance; for he not unfrequently visited the great cities, and hence used to call the former his country friends.

After mutual greetings, not more kind than cheerful, he exclaimed, What, fellows! not out of your bags yet! What idleness! I always dress before I go out, and always go out before other people are up. Between a bag and a nightcap there is nothing—what a feather-bed air you have!

Where is Miss Hartley? he continued. If I sit here talking with two old men like myself I shall expire. Were there nothing but men on this island, spoke Fitzgibbon, I would not live here. Miss Hartley is on horseback, and probably near Newport, replied Hartley. But if you two have such affection for female society, why have you never married?

A man cannot marry as he would take a second cup of coffee, replied Malbone. It is a matter to negotiate. Negotium tortuum,

interposed Fitzgibbon, a twisty business. A long twist too, proceeded Malbone. He must sift his investments, test his income—you would not have him throw himself into a mob of children and no will made. I have a theory, said he, as he twitched up his little cocked hat and caught it in one hand, and it is this—a woman should never marry after thirty. *Per contra* a man must never marry before forty, better fifty, best of all sixty or sixty-five.

I fear, said the Doctor, there would be little use in marrying after sixty. It is very well for you, rejoined Fitzgibbon, who are just turned off fifty-nine, to say that sort of thing, but I can assure you some men who have passed sixty think very differently. How old was Abraham when he wedded Sarah? asked Malbone. Why, replied Hartley, allowing for the ancient year and precession of the equinoxes, he must have been about two hundred and eighty. You see, said Fitzgibbon.

There is Theodore Lyman of Boston, added Malbone, you all know Lyman, good sixty-six, a baker's dozen. Well, some three years ago

Byles said to him—Byles had always been his family physician—What a pity a fine old fellow like you should be wasting himself in the open air, when he would give so rich a perfume to a family circle! Why not marry? you have a sound constitution, excellent legs, and you must marry. Egad, no sooner said than done: in six weeks he was married, and now has as lovely children—Children! echoed Malbone's companions. Yes children—in the plural, he did not say child but children. In his last letter to me he said his children were quite well.

My friends, continued Hartley doggedly, I fear you are past the marriageable age. For shame, Hartley, exclaimed both the gentlemen, and rising together from their chairs they paced before him almost in a threatening way. Why, I am as fit to be married now as ever I was, said Fitzgibbon warmly. And I, said Malbone, as with his back to where at the proper season had been a fire, he admired a ring on his outstretched finger,—I would marry to-morrow if I chose.

It was the farthest thing from Hartley's thoughts to hurt the feelings of his friends; and

no sooner did he perceive the effect of his remark, than he made some awkward attempts to retract it. I only meant to say, he resumed, there is a good hundred and sixty years between us three, and though I may be older in years, than you as I certainly am in constitution, I ought not to speak so positively about marrying. But, John, he continued, are you sure you would like to give up your books for a wife? And how do you think, Malbone, you could submit your lively temper to the bonds of wedlock; for bonds they are though sometimes pleasant ones?

Women are so imposing—ay, there is the rub, said Malbone. It is all the difference between *posse* and *velle*, remarked Fitzgibbon.

Fitzgibbon had lately refreshed to Hartley an ancient episode in his life, and it now gave him pleasure to include another in his confidence. Accordingly he continued as if to change the subject: But can anything be more delightful than to have a fine impressionable creature struck with you? Oh, as soon as they are interested in you, they never can conceal it, said Malbone.

Fitzgibbon turned to look at the door, and then said, We are only ourselves, I believe—did you ever hear of me and Lucy Springett? At the same parish church, pews directly opposite, never looked at each other, and yet our eyes were sure to cross several times during service. One Sunday she let her book fall in the aisle—On purpose, said Malbone. I stepped out, continued Fitzgibbon, and as I leant on the ground turned my head up—

Ho! exclaimed Hartley, in a voice that startled his friends like a cannon shot, while his eyes seemed staring at vacancy though pointed at a window. What! surely—no—it cannot be, why not, it is, it is!

Heavens! what is it? asked Malbone, in great alarm. Are you unwell? tenderly inquired Fitzgibbon. The bell, the bell, Fitzgibbon! he continued; no matter which, ring both; call Ptolemy to me instantly; get your glasses. Malbone mounted his heavy gold spectacles, and was all attention, as soon as an uncertain pocket would render them, but it was longer than usual. No, no, said Hartley, brushing him away, I mean the telescope.

Fitzgibbon and Malbone rushed into the hall to obey their friend's wishes, and lugging a long instrument from its resting-place, with consentaneous designs but interfering movements stripped off its cloth cover. But at this moment Malbone, prompted by curiosity or availing himself of the first occasion to launch a preconceived inquiry, said: Fitzgibbon, what was the reason you did not marry Lucy Springett? The ill-timed question received no reply, but its effect was unfortunate. It carried Fitzgibbon's thoughts too far back to admit of minding the present, or confused efforts already enough divergent from those of his fellow worker, for in a moment he saw the puzzled tube, obeying the law of counter forces, with more vigour than utility, dash through a window pane.

It is the wrong end, said Fitzgibbon. You have broken the glass, returned Malbone. Turn it, said Hartley, distressed and impatient, raise the sash, elevate the end, more, I mean the end you are looking through. There, that is the spot—do you see, John? I do see something like a spot, but it cannot be, said Fitzgibbon.

Malbone's discernment was more fortunate, for by this time he was assured that the object of Hartley's regards was a distant sail, visible to the naked eye, though yet indistinctly so. Supporting the instrument with Fitzgibbon, as one end of the cylinder rested on the window-sill, he got on his knees at the other, and began to report his observations. She is running with a starboard wind hard on the land, said he. Can you make her out? inquired Hartley. Yes, he replied slowly. It is a ship, no, yes, there is not a doubt of it, it is a man-of-war. I thought so, exclaimed the delighted Hartley, what next? She is abreast of Gull Island; she will be in the breakers in three minutes. There goes a flag to the fore. I see her as plain as the sideboard. She is luffing up, her sails are shivering, they are lowering a boat, putting luggage or something into it. I do believe I see the captain's nose.

News! exclaimed the overjoyed Hartley; send for Mary Hartley right away. And apparently unconscious of objects near him, he called repeatedly for Ptolemy, and in doing so ran against the ready domestic without seeing

him. Ptolemy, he exclaimed, tell Scipio to say to Hannibal—is Julius Cæsar there?—well, let Cæsar tell aunt Dinah to tell Jugurtha—but he will be gone to school—never mind, tell him to run to the stables and tell Pharaoh Jakes to put-to the phaeton, and all the horses and things inside and every saddle he can find and all the carts, for Master Henry is coming ashore in a boat.

. You may be sure there will be a misconstruction, spoke Fitzgibbon; they will bring home the ship or do something odd. Why not let Ptolemy tell Pharaoh Jakes at once? and I doubt the expediency of putting the horses inside if they are to draw the phaeton.

Hartley's companions were aware that he expected his son's arrival at an early day. But it had not occurred to them that the young man's letters stated his expectation of embarking in a king's vessel bound for New London, the commander of which had promised to touch at the island, so that he might reach his friends at the earliest. For some days the Doctor's eyes had often turned to that quarter where a vessel coming from the eastward, if

in shore, would be likely to open Easton's Bay; and while just now conferring with his friends, his thoughts had wandered to the probability of the near approach of what he greatly desired, when he really did see a sail touching as it were the distant bluff, and hardly a second glance was required to convince him, that the expected event was at hand. If his joy was great, it may excuse it perhaps to say that his only son had now been away several years, at a time of life that usually inspires anxiety, but sets no bounds to affection.

Malbone had resumed or rather had hardly interrupted his observations, but Hartley was returned to his side watching for every word he uttered. Do you see the boat still? said he. Perfectly, replied Malbone, I can almost count the men in her. They are a long time getting in, said Fitzgibbon. They have a good mile to pull, rejoined Malbone. Fitzgibbon walked to another window and gave his thoughts leave for the moment to wander at will. But in a short time Malbone again spoke, Here she comes—now I see—now I dont—yes I do—

now she'll top it—there she is—there! O my friend! said he, while the end of the heavy telescope threatened to pass from his hands. O, my dear Hartley! she has turned over—they are struggling for their lives!

At these words a deadly paleness overspread Hartley's face, as with clasped hands he turned his looks for a moment above him. He hurried from the room, and receiving for answer to his inquiry of some one in the hall, that the horses had gone, left the house in a state of mental anguish none but himself could describe. The ashy hue was almost equally reflected in his companions, as Malbone proposed to follow; and without waiting for Fitzgibbon's reply, who indeed made none, they both set out to run after their unfortunate friend.

The Doctor hesitated for a moment whether to follow the lane in the hope of overtaking the horses, or surrendering this design to go a directer way across the fields. But it was only a moment until he bounded across the lawn, cleared a locked gate with surprising ease, crossed the next meadow, and in a second or two was out of sight of his pursuers

The latter did their part well, but with the thoughtlessness usual in such cases forgot to nurse their strength, and before they reached the point where Hartley had been lost to view both were conscious of their error.

The day was warm, and the hour of the day that at which a meridian sun begins to make its power felt. Their dress was not suited to a long course in a hot climate, for though the legs seemed covered with little else than their own skin, the top hamper was considerable, consisting of a weighty convolved beaver, a long coat liberally set over the hips, a waistcoat that in these days might pass for a coat, and a heavy drag of linen that displayed a ruffly mass wherever it showed itself. Again, each carried a long cane better fitted for a leaping-pole than a walking-stick, but quite a burden, as was now too plain, in running. Considering that neither had been in training for such a task, the spirit with which both lay out to their work was remarkable. They cheered each other with kindly words and entertained no thought of relaxing their exertions.

I did not think he was so active, said Fitzgibbon as they ran side by side.

Men at his age are in their prime, averred Malbone.

What, at six-sixty! inquired his companion.

You should have seen me lick a glazier that came to break a glass the servants put in the other day, replied Malbone. Then his feelings, he resumed.

See what it is to be married, said Fitzgibbon.

Whew, continued Malbone, if I had a son I would tie him six inches to my shoe-buckle. I would never be plagued so.

You could not do it, replied Fitzgibbon, it is impossible.

If I had as many as Sheba, Zeba, I mean, I would keep them in my coat pocket, said Malbone.

Pish! returned Fitzgibbon, irritated by his own exhaustive efforts rather than what was said to him. Did you see their heads in the water? Like dead flies, replied the other.

The heat at this moment was excessive, not that the molten god had just stirred his fires,

but a slope in the ground was shooting them into the very claws of Cancer, and this probably caused Malbone to say: Hot! it is as hot as a turkey-cock; the sun burns like a torch.

I wonder how the Greeks ran at their games? resumed Fitzgibbon. With a kerchief round their middles and dre-hessed in oil, answered Malbone, distressed in his breathing. Are you good at je-humping? I cannot jump like Hartley, replied his comrade. I am as wet as a spout, the starch is all out of my ruffles. A pinch of starch to a hogshead of water, that is the allowance now-a-days, said Malbone.

At this instant Fitzgibbon, delighted with some distant prospect, exclaimed madly: I see him—I see him! Give way, lads, cried Malbone with equal zeal, while both spurred their vigour to a fearful speed. We'll catch him! now we'll have him. Fegs! he wont beat this, I think. Just through those bushes, said Fitzgibbon. I see his coat tail whisking as plain as can be. He is only in the next field! Look how he scours! Malbone made an unsuccessful effort to discern what was ob-

vious to another. But they who have used a glass on shipboard in rough weather, will understand how the motion of his body was likely to make all optical investigation equally difficult and uncertain.

They had now approached more nearly the spot indicated, but the object that had feigned this joyful similitude seemed subsiding in stillness though expanding in size; perplexing conditions enough, for Hartley must be running and had never yet shown so big to them. As they opened the bushes, however, a few stretching strides flung them on the rearward quarters of a black cow, too hot to eat, too hot to lie down, too hot to move aught but a lank capricious pendulum, that swinging as they passed, as if to give Fitzgibbon the best practical explanation of his error, threatened to lap him up. Get out of the way, you b——, said he, as he swerved to one side. But he had quickly obeyed his own request without waiting its effect on another. Did she wipe you? inquired Malbone.

After a silence that carried them over a mile or more of the hardest country they had

yet encountered, Fitzgibbon asked: Are we going six miles an hour? Twenty, replied his friend.

Thus far the pace had been severe, but it was not in nature to keep up their topmost speed for the whole of so long a distance, and though each tried to hide his distress, it was plain that both were nearly exhausted. Copious perspiration mixed with hair powder made dull greyish streaks adown features that fatigue had rendered flabby and pendulous. The melancholy queues, no longer addressing themselves to the retiring horizon, clung with listless conformity to the back of a protruded neck. Their cambrics were limp and draggled like a cock's feathers on a wet day. No longer pointing their toes for vigorous strides, their running accommodated itself to shorter steps, and latterly had almost fallen into a commonplace trot, as regular as fainting and nearly overdone powers would allow; but their tough spirits had no thought of giving in.

I am melting with the heat, exclaimed poor Fitzgibbon. Wait till you get to the mashes, my good fellow, drawled out Malbone. I guess,

you will find salt heat the worst.' There goes my amboyna.

Re-col-lect the place, said Fitzgibbon, get —it—come back.

No I wont, said Malbone; I never want to see it again. I have got a confounded corn. I wish my mother had not worn tight shoes. Hered-heredity-heretary? asked Fitzgibbon. Just as toes are, said Malbone. They never think of the ill they do their prosperity, proceeded Fitzgibbon with difficulty. Posterity! replied Malbone, they hadnt ought to have any.

After a race that had seemed to the sufferers not more painful than tedious, they at last came in sight of that mile of low marshy ground that backs Easton's beach. But unluckily the bending of their path forced them to leave the upland before getting sight of the beach itself, or gaining knowledge such as their eyes might give them from the place of trouble. They dashed down the hill seemingly with fresh strength, but it was owing more to the ease they found in the fortunate descent, than any refreshment of bodily strength. The

ground was a sandy seething flat, covered with patches of long grass or reedy plants, scored with crooked threads and lazy lagoons of salt water; and as if to justify Malbone's premonitory remark, seemed sick of an extraordinarily oppressive heat.

Why do not you unbo—utton your vest and loosen your internals? asked Malbone. But his eyes were not directed towards his friend's dress, for it was already relaxed to a point that no device could carry further. Can you take it? he added. I will, here goes! and he fairly leapt a little stagnant rill in his path. But Fitzgibbon, pointing his amber-headed cane before him, immersed his silken legs in twenty inches of greenish salt water, and slowly withdrew them on the opposite bank, with a look of regret at parting.

The view of the advancing travellers was confined by the rank growth of a naturally irrigated soil, as well as by wind-blown hillocks and shelves of shifting sand, which confused if they did not intercept the sight. And thus it was that Tilley the fisherman, whom the sciatic crimpings of many winters made

a slow goer upon land, had got within sound of their voices before they were visible to him, or either of them saw him. Beating the ground as if he expected to flush a woodcock, or perhaps two, he finally made a point, and then hobbling forward, presently stood before them, exclaiming: Mister Malbone, Mister Fitzgibbon—there is no harm, sir, not a bit, nothing at all, sir.

At this sudden release from anxiety and fatigue, Malbone sank directly on the sand, regardless of the disposal of his limbs, though his chin chose to rest on top of his knees, with Fitzgibbon, who was already semi-recumbent close beside him. The scummy air weighed like melted salt on a fiery-pan, rain-born frogs, unfamiliar hoppers, with all manner of sting tails bobbed against them, jerked over the novel obstacles, or trilled their horrible melody to unfeeling ears.

But you are sick, gentlemen, said Tilley. No, no, go on, responded each with a most sodden expression of face. Well, continued Tilley, it war'nt Master Henry at all, no Master Henry there. Ye see it was a king's transport come

out of New Bedford last night, going down Sound, and how be it looked dirty like; he brought out a pilot, and put him ashore here this morning, to save his eatin an back money.

Were they all saved? inquired the listeners, with evidently decreasing interest. For them fellers dont mind being in the water no more nor I do, said Tilley. Why we righted her and scooped them up in no time: look, they are low down by this. But how the pilot did jaw them English lubbers, I tell ye, and certainly I never seed a ship's jigger take a run in sich a quarious system in all my suckin days.

Where is Doctor Hartley? inquired Fitzgibbon in commanding tones. O, he's to hum long fore this, replied Tilley. He had a fast horse, an its only five miles you know. Did he come on a horse? was earnestly asked. Sure-ly, said Tilley. I knows the critter well —it was Tool's young mare. He lives close to the Doctor, jest the other side o' that ar feedin lot.

The friends turned to each other with speechless looks, but unsteady movement, that seemed to Tilley as if they had rolled

inanimate on the ground. It was probably excessive fatigue that threw a lifeless air over their limbs and senses, while inwardly they were lost in reflections proper to the occasion.

Their eyes is sot, said Tilley, as he leaned over them with inquiring looks. Well, there's two rogues gone anyhow! Darn me if it would not stagger a body to say which was the biggest one, but they was both the wickedest rummest old boys the island ever seed, I guess. Fitzgibbon opened one eye, but if able to see, he was quite incompetent to answer. Tilley turned away to spread the news or summon help; but the friends and retainers of the Hartley household, lately assembled nearer the water's edge had now left, and he could not speedily accomplish either purpose.

CHAPTER V.

When Miss Hartley left the breakfast table on the morning of the bootless footrace to Easton's beach, she had in her thoughts a previous design of visiting Newport. Her object was to pay a visit of inquiry or condolence to Madam Folsom. Her father had mentioned this with urgency more than once, for the wild animal expected from the banks of the Jumma weighed heavily on his mind, as was probably the case with every one connected with it, but particularly the unfortunate consignee. The first and most certain effect thought Hartley will be a shocking bill of expense; but what is the poor

lady to do? She will be fortunate if she do not have the stock-in-trade of two or three crockery dealers to pay for, for ten to one it will get loose in landing, besides actions for broken limbs and general damage. The boys of Newport, who like ill demons precipitate every danger and aggravate every ill to society, will certainly do their best for such a result. In short, the prospect that seemed so dismal for his parishioner reflected a good deal of melancholy on him, and he felt that if he could only see the affair safely at an end, what with the arrival of his son that could not now be very distant, and the progress of Church's business, he should be occupied and happy.

Her commands given over night, Miss Hartley found her horse and attendant at the door punctual to appointment. Debouching on the town in the accustomed manner, she had reached, after a not very tedious country ride, the pavement, and after a walk of no great length found herself at Madam Folsom's, an excellent house in a fashionable quarter. She was admitted and ushered into a drawing-room, where, seated before a clavichord, Madam

Folsom was executing with voice and instrument a part from Acis and Galatea.

Her head, devoid of the least capillary attraction, instead of a high dress wig, that with its bundles and elevations might weigh many ounces, was encircled turban-wise by six yards of fine mull-mull, that could have passed through a finger ring. Her dress was a rosy short gown, rather low in the neck, with sleeves six inches long. It overhung a grey caliminco petticoat, and this surrounded, though with wide circumference, two very high heels, that tilted on either side of her music stool. This, or other style of negligée, which in the practice of some patriot ladies had political significance, though not so with Madam Folsom, comported with devotion to the arts rather than reception of company; but being becoming, or thought so, was sometimes allowed to overlap the intellectual division and meet the gaze of visitors. Her naked performers pulled out the little wiry notes with some degree of ease, but her expiration, when called to mount the staff, invariably took refuge in a head voice, higher than a fife, but very much

louder, and even this was not only cracked, but had considerable bits taken out.

Reverting her head as Miss Hartley entered, and smiling as she sung Love in her eyes sits playing,—Shall I persevere? said she. Certainly, replied Miss Hartley, and she went through several lines more before she had finished the air. Turning on her tabouret, she said: There is music for you! What do you think? Mr. Handel knew to write a little, did he not? When he gave me lessons at the Bull and Mouth in town, he was often saying, Saint Sheshilia! dear shild, you dont mind your times! Oh, he was a sacred angel shut up in a Dutchman, as the Duke used to say, and of course had had the best practice. No doubt, said Miss Hartley, assenting.

Well, my dear, she continued, when I was a young girl this was all the fashion. The married women were mad for it. Delmé Radcliffe took a footman from the chorus to have it sung to him when in his paroxysms of the gout, and my Lord Dacre made his first whip learn some of the songs. There is the monster, she said, turning over the leaves; what is his

name? no matter, we will say Pol-noceros—Polyphemus, suggested Miss Hartley—he sings, Oh, ruddier than the cherry, Oh, sweeter than the berry. And then Galatea, As when the dove.

Time walks, runs, flies to be sure! continued Madam Folsom. Know, Miss Mary Hartley! I was at Cannons the first time this masque was performed. Never shall I forget. O the fine men and vain women! where are they now? gone to the worms, I guess, unless taking care of their constitutions like me. And there was Mr. Handel—when his Grace congratulated him and said the music was very fine, he only replied, Dat ish true. He spoke to no one but the butler, and drank nothing but ale. They two sat up till daylight in the pantry, with their pipes and homebrewed; and at breakfast the Duke said the greatest of musicians had ruined the best of butlers, and considerably damaged several footmen. No doubt it was so, for Mr. Handel was a divine man, and both the angel and Dutchman drank a great deal of malt liquor.

Miss Hartley was interested in this account

of a musical genius and munificent Duke, and would have liked still further recollections. But if you favour the key-board and voice, said Madam Folsom, there is Oh had I Jubal's lyre. There is a screech for you! Sixty upper fas, for I counted them, and I am sure I must have Miriam's voice to sing it. So you are really fond of art. Well, here is a capriccio I am studying, though it is old. What say you?

Politeness required assent, and accordingly under encouragement the performer proceeded with seeming satisfaction to herself if not to her auditor. The work, whatever its other merits, had that of shortness, and when at an end: It is lovely, said Madam Folsom. You see there is a canon, and then the major comes in so nicely. Of neither of these had Miss Hartley observed the entrance; but, for a reason she could not define, the knowledge of their presence evidently raised her estimation of the music.

Well, my dear, said Madam Folsom, rising from her instrument and sweeping towards a chair, your reverend father, how is he? He

gave me such an extraordinary exitement the other day, I have hardly got over it yet; he means well, excellent judgment, but sometimes harrowing in his remarks. He seems quite lively too, but men of his age ought to be prudent. Miss Hartley attempted to found some excuses, but with no very definite result.

Any arrivals to-day? continued Madam Folsom. You have heard I suppose that Mrs. Emlen has come with sixteen children. No; but what a family! exclaimed Miss Hartley in surprise, she must have had two husbands. One would think so, my dear, but I understand only one, though the production is certainly remarkable. Then, I am sorry to say we have lost Sarah Channing; she has gone to Philadelphia for a few weeks for her husband's health. O! that must be a mistake, returned Miss Hartley, for I saw him in the street just now on my way to your house. It may be, said Madam Folsom, but that is what they told me, and I am disposed to think it is true.

You have heard, she proceeded, of Thornbury's strange importation; the dear boy has talent but wants prudence. It gave me the shivers

to think of, it followed me all over, at meals, walking, even in bed it was always beside me. But when it really comes, King and Ten Commandments, dear Hartley, thought I, what shall I do! Well, that great beast, I never can recollect his geographical name, is dead, and without the mayor's licence too. Ship arrived but few days since, and the poor creature is gone, died at last apparently without a struggle. Received every attention and kindness in his last illness, that is a comfort. The captain reports that he suffered from the cold, and as they made more northing became very desponding. The sailors used to give him an arm on deck, and walk him up and down in the sun, with a sail over his shoulders and a tarpaulin tied under his chin. But he grew more feeble, and as soon as they got in they sent for the best medical advice.

Could nothing save him? asked Miss Hartley, her sympathies excited by this picture of declining health. Fortunately, all the doctors in Providence Plantations could not do it, replied Madam Folsom, though I say it that ought not, and he is to be buried to-morrow as

soon as the certificates are signed. Would you believe it, Miss Hartley, they sent to ask my pragmatic sanction to put him in Trinity? but I had no possible connexion with him and they might put him where they chose. It seems, however, the wardens object, and to be sure one would not like to lie with a zoological. So I suppose they will have to buy half an acre somewhere.

Poor fellow, said Miss Hartley, the climate was too much for him. Or rather he would have been too much for the climate, she replied. What on earth could we have done with him in hot weather?

Madam Folsom's attention was here diverted to a pet greyhound she kept, delicate in features and small in size, called Psyche. Psyche, like most creatures in this parage, sometime in the year was occasionally chilly, and in consequence during the last winter its mistress having said it was cruel to see her shake so, had bought a Skye terrier, and sent it together with her pet to the tailor, with directions to make a coat for Psyche. With the heartlessness peculiar to greyhounds, Psyche

708473

played with her companion on the way, without ever letting him know the fate that awaited him. Snip replied, as is the custom of the trade, that there would not be cloth enough. Whereupon Madam Folsom bought another Skye terrier, and despatched it as before, and the result was, after a time sufficiently long, that Psyche appeared in a shaggy garment tied with a blue riband under the neck and elsewhere. Her mistress was fond of seeing her in this dress independent of the seasons; at any rate Psyche wore the murderous robe at present, and finding it rather heavy for the day, was making promising efforts to disapparel herself.

Psyche, exclaimed her mistress, what extraordinary minervas you are making! What are you about, you deceiving little dog! And having readjusted and secured the overcoat, she added, Now be a good girl and dont act so any more, or I will send for the tailor to measure you again, and you wont like that.

But everything has its raw side, proceeded Madam Folsom, again turning to her visitor. Now, what do you think? those fellows, Cornwall and Mann, have sent in their bill to me for

medicine and attendance. Think what medicine that Indian must have swallowed! For instance five pounds of calomel for a blue pill and sixty pounds of Epsom next morning. He is a foreigner, they ought to apply to his consul.

What monstrous doses! exclaimed Miss Hartley in alarm. If not pounds it is not my fault, said Madam Folsom. There is a long figure with three ruffs in its neck, but it is all Latin you know. It begins Dominæ Folsom salutem. Now, in the first place, it is excessively indelicate to think of their bill and the defunct not buried, and then I shant pay it, they may salute as much as they please. Why, my dear, I have no more to do with it than you have. I have carefully avoided any relationship with him since he came into harbour. Miss Hartley by her looks implied assent to the justice of Madam Folsom's resolve.

Well, my dear, what is the news in town? I suppose that bad man Quarry will be getting up another match soon. He must be a Baronet, for I observe he writes Bart after his name, at least I read so in the town directory. Rather before it, replied Miss Hartley, and it stands

not for baronet but Bartholomew. I really thought he was a Baronet, she replied, and you will imagine I did not like him the better for it. However, baronet or no baronet, said Madam Folsom, as her face turned towards a window, there goes the cow. I wonder when they will have done surgering all the people; the charwomen are always asking each other how their sickyskitches do. That poor ill quadruped does a great deal of good, but she is a sight to behold.

It is vaccination they call it, said Miss Hartley. Ah, said Madame Folsom. Well I often see maids walking down the street here, their policy evidently is to meet a bachelor, what do they call that? My dear, she continued, though I say it who had the softest of husbands, I tell you marriage is bad enough for a fool, but still worse for a sensible person, and I am sure a woman who was anything of a woman ought never to think of it. Miss Hartley expressed by side looks a weak approbation of these condemnatory sentiments.

I fear these flies trouble you, said Madam Folsom. I shall ring for the servant to take

them away. Having sounded her summons she resumed: I have lost Leven, you know, he had a habit of coughing in the parlour which I could not submit to. He used to say it was the chimney, but he might as well have said it was the church steeple. He shut up the cock in the coach-house to prevent his keeping the hens from laying, and then he thought washing windows was not manual labour. If it is not manual labour, I should like to know what is. But I have got an excellent man now, she continued, his name is Gregory, rather fresh, but he will make a perfect servant. McMoultrie says he is a high bred between a Congo and an Angle, and of course has the qualities of each without the defects of either.

At this moment Gregory entered, and having received the word proceeded to capture in detail the obnoxious insects, a task that promised to last longer than the visit. There he is, hinted Madam Folsom in an under tone; he is not so stupid as he looks. If, thought Miss Hartley to herself, he makes any approach to the indications of his face, he must be Bœotian indeed.

But Madam Folsom proceeded: I hear from Philadelphia that man Franklin has been at his tricks with the clouds again. I declare it is shocking this tampering with superior powers, the authorities ought to interfere. Polly Clymer writes me she was driving in her chariot past Centre Square the other day, when she saw the great baby flat on his back in a brick field, flying a kite with his teeth, with a denuded leg a trying to touch his great toe to the neck of what looked like a five-gallon jar. Whether he affected the air or not I dont know, but her horses were seized with the uneasiness that her man could hardly control them.

They say he is a great philosopher, remarked Miss Hartley. Ah, my dear, she replied, that is what they call a foolish person or weak in his intellects. There are a great many of them in Penn's hospital, and this man with his indecent pranks should be there too. You know sometime ago he gave out he was going to bring down a thunderbolt,—surely they come down often enough without his trying, and a great many ladies were foolish enough to go to

the Statehouse-yard. The Walns among the rest, and Sally wrote me she could not see it, but she believed it was there, at any rate they were all shocked, no wonder, and wet too, for it rained Delaware river right after.

At this time Madam Folsom and her visitor were startled by an appalling sound which seemed close at hand. It proved to be a hearty sternutation on the part of Gregory, who with his back to the company, in a distant corner of the room, was looking up watching a chance at his game. Leave the room, exclaimed his mistress, leave the room instantly. Beg pardon, Marm, said Gregory, but I always sneezes when I sees a beautiful young lady. Madam Folsom seemed struck by a fact that might have great nosological value, but it led to no change in her resolution. Vanish, sir, she said, and with you go too all my hopes of getting a good man.

It was some moments after the misdemeanant had retired, before her disturbed feelings admitted of further conversation. At last she said, My dear Hartley, who can tell the misery of servants in this country: surely a curse rests

on this continent. I have got rid of a cough, and these convulsive claps I consider ten times worse, but you see. Then again I have been trying to get a cook, and a trial it is. It has often been a wonder where the young sluts go to, but I find all the middle-aged wicked women become cooks.

You know, she continued, I have parted with Bethuliah. I asked her where the butter went to, and she said the cat had eaten it. Aproposely the cat was standing by, so I determined to make an excruciating instance, and insisted on her taking her right up and clapping her in the scales. She did it, my dear, and the cat did not weigh as much as the butter, and certainly there was something to be allowed for herself. I had a good mind to weigh Bethuliah, but the thing was polpable.

After an interval, during which Miss Hartley felt a rising sorrow for poor Gregory, considering that the nasal nerves are not easily held in hand, and having noticed in him marks of sensibility which demanded in her view gentle treatment, Madam Folsom resumed: That chimney certainly has a bad character,

sets down in summer and smokes in winter whenever the doctor blows. Should you ever go to housekeeping, Miss Hartley, though I hope you will never have that necessity, it may be useful—By-the-by there is an excellent Housekeeper's Guide I sent Gregory to get for me at Hammond's the other day, it has the best receipts and rules upon butchers.

Miss Hartley took up the book from the table beside her, as Madam Folsom motioned her to do, and opening it at random read: Take one ounce of cantharides and fresh dock leaves cut fine, well mixed with honey, but first wash the fetlock—. What! exclaimed Madam Folsom, it sounds like a horse, it certainly is a horse. Her visitor recurred to the title-page, though with some trepidation, and there found what she read aloud: The Horsekeeper's Guide, with rules for breeding mares.

What a book to send to me! said Madam Folsom, with marked displeasure. O Gregory! I will certainly be done with him. The sneeze was enough, but the Horsekeeper shall finish him as I am a living woman. Was it not a

rather natural mistake? gently interposed Miss Hartley. A rather natural mistake to send breeding mares to this house with my known sentiments! asked Madam Folsom. That man Hammond knows, or ought to know by this time, my tastes.

In a short time, however, she had composed her feelings into the placid propriety that was at her command; indeed, her manners could show high breeding even through the worst of domestic complexities. She returned to her former subject: But as I was saying, my dear, a good cure for smoke is to put a lump of sugar on the fire; if one does not do, another is sure to have the effect. I always keep the sugar-bowl in this room, on purpose.

Miss Hartley could not help being amused at this delicate remedy for a rebellious vent, but her pleasant feelings soon passed into alarm. She had a stork-like dependence that if unseen herself no part of her affairs could be present to others, and for this reason had kept rather retired of late. But in truth by some means, always present in such cases

and always a mystery, the passages between herself and Church were not unknown to the fashionable public, and formed at this time a chief topic of small talk.

She felt the colour mount in her cheeks therefore as Madam Folsom began in a rallying tone: Very bad accounts of you too, my dear; it seems you are no longer to be depended on. There is little Arnold told me she was quite convinced by my arguments, and entirely decided never under no circumstances—. So in less than three months the jade has married the big oilman in Providence, and at the very time it turns out she had given her promissory note and her paper was then outstanding. Miss Hartley really blushed at this unhandsome conduct, though she did not know at the moment whether to blame or justify it. At any rate, thought she, it was wrong in little Arnold to affect sentiments she did not really entertain on so important a subject—politeness certainly did not require that.

But before she could make any reply, Madam Folsom again spoke: But if a woman

will make a fool of herself, my advice is to do it with sense. There is Mr. Malbone, she proceeded, so graceful, so lively, spirited! Now if I were a desirable woman, I just say it you know, I know what I would do—And then so wealthy! he would make an establishment, would he not?

Is Mr. Malbone very rich? asked Miss Hartley. Is he not, my dear? she replied. He has lands in all the small provinces and houses in all the big cities, besides a large income from his terminable fatuities and other stocks. He is rather older than my father, remarked Miss Hartley, musingly. Tut! what if he is sixty? she replied; I tell you, who ought to know, their constitution is not properly ripe till then.

But whatever you do, again spoke Madam Folsom, I say to you now as I have said to you before, do not marry a rural gentleman. They always go to bed at sundown, and break their noses tumbling over chairs and things before dawn in the morning, besides putting on their clothes two or three times in the night to see what is the matter

with a horse or a cow. There can be no compatibility with them, that is clear.

With this forcible counsel, which seemed adapted to as well as intended for her own case, the visit ended; for Miss Hartley was glad to escape a subject that more than others touched upon had proved annoying to her, and besides her stay seemed already protracted too long. She returned on her way home with intelligence which she doubted not would please her father. For, however he might object to the unfavourable views on country gentlemen, he was sure to be delighted at learning how benevolent Nature had solved Madam Folsom's difficulty, and released both him and her from anxieties not less painful than novel.

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Hartley had no sooner again got under the family roof, from her expedition related in the last chapter, than she went in search of the Doctor, among other things to inquire if anything had been heard of her brother; for the general motion in the air had affected her thoughts, though she had no knowledge of the late expectation or its failure. Not finding him in the garden, but seeing his well-known hat and cane in the hall, it next remained to seek him in his study. But on arriving here she found the door locked. This was unusual;

indeed never before to her recollection had she thus been debarred the parental presence.

He might, thought Miss Hartley, have been writing a sermon, and suddenly called out turned the key on his unfinished manuscript. But this was dismissed as improbable, for it was his habit to leave his writing exposed, with the freshly-used pen beside it, to return to it when he felt inclined, liking in the mean while that any one should admire his professional thoughts that chose, and even make known their reflections afterwards. She had known Mr. Fitzgibbon accost him thus: Hartley, I think you have put your foot in the mud, but I shall see how you get through with it. To which he would reply: John, I tell you if stiff clay could stop a doctor of divinity, there would be no preaching at all. And she herself had often reposed a short trunk, for a double decade of minutes, in a very big chair, enjoying the art that disengaged a floundering theology, or regretting the unborn dénouement of a powerful paragraph.

To knock gently at the door of his study proved a useless expedient. Nevertheless

it was repeated several times, until Miss Hartley was on the point of being sure that no person was inside. But at this moment a rustling movement gave a new course to her ideas, she thought she could hear a step, and presently a half-smothered voice say, Who is it? On her replying, Sir, it is I, the fastenings were slowly relaxed, and the door standing ajar a serious grey eye peered at her through the crack. But at last secure on the question of identity, the Doctor admitted his visitor.

Oh Mary, he directly began, such a shocking thing! I would not have had it happen for a king's seventy-four. As soon as I heard of it I sent Cicero back with the carry-all, and he picked them up in an exhausted state. I had Fitzgibbon put to bed, and directed Dinah to make some ginger tea, and get the bottles ready to jug his feet, for the thing to avoid was reaction, and see that he took three table spoons of hot camomile every half-hour through the night. Malbone has gone home dreadfully syncopated. They sent several messages to me, but I could not bear to see them.

Sir! What is it? said Miss Hartley; but it was some time before the Doctor could weight his feelings sufficiently to give a connected narrative. At last he explained the hopes that had come to so short an end, involving useless effort to himself and worse consequences to his friends. Miss Hartley, wondering at the vigour that had conquered such a task, commiserated at once the principal sufferers and her father's disappointment. She next opened her own budget, and among the things taken out the Doctor found enough to excite a smile; but when she reached the mournful death on shipboard his satisfaction was extreme, and it seemed, all things regarded, that the balance of comfort was considerable.

If I had only seen them again! said he. Miss Hartley assured him he would readily excuse it, for really no great fault was his, it was rather a misconception of the kind that must leave the blame and misfortune together. And in truth in two or three days Malbone and Fitzgibbon had recovered health and spirits, and it was found that Hartley had redeemed

by subsequent attentions all reflections on his own conduct.

A few days after the effect of this misadventure had been healed or forgotten, the Doctor was walking for his pleasure with his daughter and Fitzgibbon. He was fond of exploring his beautiful island; he liked to linger among the ruins of rocks, and at times preferred the company of boulders to that of men. On this occasion they had strolled through shady byways and skirted cathedral copses, for the island was then more strewed with the architecture of woods than now. They had first laid a course for the southern shore, which by steps had tended more and more to the left. Fitzgibbon had pointed out the spotted *Conium*, and proceeded to argue that it was the hemlock that poisoned Socrates. But the Doctor only remarked that it had also knocked up his cow Pocahontas, as if that had been an equal or greater loss. Fitzgibbon, switching a groundsel with his hand-pole, asserted that this familiar plant was known to the Greeks; but as the Greeks had lived on the same earth with ourselves, the Doctor thought the fact but little

remarkable. But the pigs in Homer's time were fond of it, rejoined Fitzgibbon. And it is the same with the pigs in Fitzgibbon's time, said the Doctor. The Romans were great agriculturists, said Fitzgibbon. Granted, replied the Doctor. Columella used to roll his wheat in early spring, proceeded the former. I never heard of such a thing, said the Doctor; he must have flattened it with a clothes-iron.

At this point Miss Hartley, who held against her thumb a considerable provision of marsh mallows and other inviting roadsiders, inquired whether they were taking the right way. The question, considering the party had decided on no goal and were really indifferent to the way they went, was one difficult to answer. Here is a fortuitous boy, said Fitzgibbon, I will ask him. But before he could do so the Doctor stayed him with a remark on the early degeneracy of the human intellect. In boys, said he, the faculties are exceedingly sharp and able. With the first shadows of adolescence they begin to dull, and before the individual has reached twenty, the spiritual apparatus has become comparatively an inapt machine.

It is a wonder, said Fitzgibbon, they dont rise and govern the world themselves. If they knew their own power they would, replied Hartley, but nature keeps a veil before their eyes simply for our protection.

Miss Hartley now seemed to have recovered her sense of topography, for she spoke: Sir, I am sure we are not far from Nannie Dawson's now—suppose we go there. Agreed, said the Doctor, she is certainly a singularity. I am willing, said Fitzgibbon; the varieties of the human species are always fit subject for the inquiring mind. And with this harmony of assent, the lady undertook to lead the way.

They soon struck into a very hot turnpike which seemed to run parallel to the insular backbone, and if signs were true on the eastern watershed, and following this came to a farm homestead, still on the right hand as their faces looked to the north. Here it is, said Miss Hartley, we will make free to go through here as the people seem to be all out, and above all the dogs. With these words she opened a paling gate and followed her companions across the yard and even into a neighbouring meadow.

Crossing this and afterwards some fields, they came in sight of a little hut standing in a large bounded solitude at the further corner of a ten-acre grass-lot, sound and weather-tight perhaps, but which certainly had not taken many boards or nails in the building. It seemed not much bigger than a hog-sty though rather taller. The flag of human existence, in the shape of a white garment with short sleeves, was raised on a small length of clothes-line that crossed a tiny compound on one side, while on the other a very small chimney smoked as if for a living inmate. But the door was closed, and on knocking it still remained so. Beyond a fence was the dry sandy head of what had once been a water-course, and might perhaps in wet weather be so again—an affluent of the strait, which though far off could be seen down a gentle decline. This forsaken bed was fringed with alders, but between it and the singular dwelling stood a grove of elms that towered to the sky and struck sufficiently into the earth.

Hardly had these features been conned when a singular form came tripping down the

road along the very way the party had lately followed. A small figure, remarkably spare and equally agile, was clothed entirely in white. As it half-ran, half-danced over the ground, it might have been taken for a young girl, but on a nearer approach the signs pointed a different way. A tight-skinned face, very much sunburnt, but with the rose of health tinting the rich brown, had its pigmy outlines wreathed in smiles out of which lustrous black eyes darted quick cheerful glances. The chevelure decked with pale flax flowers, though abundant, was white as her muslin dress. The thin lips leaned inwards on a boneless mouth, the chin had been squeezed to a point that nothing but age could have pinched so, the waist seemed to surround little else than a vertebral pillar, but the withered husk had seemingly left undimmed the brightness of the inner habitant.

It is Nannie herself, whispered Miss Hartley. Bless me, said Fitzgibbon, as he pivoted to the rear, what a peculiar woman! Nannie did the honours of her home with a manner self-possessed and courteous; it was plain she was

pleased to have visitors, but behind these qualities seemed to lurk a power, which gay and kindly looks could hardly make attractive. I spied you across the pike, said she, and followed right after.

But you have some engagement, perhaps, suggested Miss Hartley. No, Miss, she replied, with a look that if not affection seemed warmed with gratitude. I have only been to see a neighbour, but I calculated to be back to my tea. Does she take tea like us? inquired Fitzgibbon, aside. But wont you see my new box? said Nannie; the farmers put it up for me. I have not lived in it long, but I keep it as nice as I can.

Miss Hartley was the first to enter and alone, for the size of the abode forbade her having any companion save its little mistress. After some moments, during which the Doctor and Fitzgibbon could see part of her dress turning as it were on its centre, she reappeared with moist eyes, and walking in silence towards her father placed herself behind him. Before a word was said, Nannie beckoned from her doorway the Doctor. Accordingly he advanced, was

lost for even a less time inside, and then came out carrying a solemn expression. Fitzgibbon's turn came next, he hesitated, even smoothed down his pockets, and consulted his small change, but at last as if with an effort ensconced himself within. His stay, however, was shorter than any former example, and when he rejoined his friends it was with glaring signs of fright.

What a horrible woman! said he; she is certainly astray, let us go at once. This seemed to meet with unanimous assent, and after a commonplace remark, plainly leading to a decline, they at last let themselves down, and making adieus with sickly politeness, all three turned their faces, and walked away.

Upon a comparison of notes, for all were agreed on what each had seen, it appeared that on one side of Nannie's floor, with one end touching her bedstead, rested an open coffin. This unusual article of furniture, of painted pine that rivalled the colour of mahogany, stood on trestles, with the lid on edge between it and the wall, as if waiting a tenant that was then waiting it. The inside, apparently

well-padded, was lined with cheap flannel, the edges ruffled with starched dimity; and a little shelf at the upper end covered with patched satin seemed fitted for the repose of a weary head, but at present held what looked like, and no doubt were, neatly-folded grave-clothes.

But these inner fittings the desolate old woman, on her own word, had taken pleasure in contriving and applying herself. Thus thoughtful of the abode which she would soon perhaps enter, poor Nannie was even vain of its fanciful adornments. She could mix up familiarly her sepulchral provisions with living wants. But this mingling of the last ensigns with cups and saucers, potatoes and a few ounces of raw meat, was as it proved anything but agreeable to others.

Without dwelling on the circumstance that had chilled them, Hartley and his companions followed a way across the fields, bearing towards home perhaps, but this was uncertain. At last it was proposed as time served to take the cliffs by the way, but the irregular limits of property, the rounding of difficult or impassable impediments, and the errors of compen-

sation when attempting to restore their route, had put in doubt not the existence, but the situation of the cliffs. At length Hartley detected a little river, or creek as it was called, with which he claimed acquaintance, but the intimacy did not seem of the closest. If we could only get to the three cherry-trees, said he, I should know exactly where we were. Of course, replied Fitzgibbbon, that would be equally obvious to all. And happily here comes a woman, said Hartley, I will take informations from her.

But the woman that had been approaching unaccountably disappeared before he could look up again, while at the same time the three cherry-trees suddenly showed to view. Guided by these, in a short time and sooner than had been expected, the company debouched on the familiar table-land that gave to the open sea.

Two men and a boy, soon recognized for bass-fishers, and whom the Doctor even took to be Tilley's men, were plying their art from the top of the cliff, and for some moments the Doctor and his friends stood admiring the game. A long line on a reel, a heavy hook

spliced to the end, and this baited with a manhaiden, formed the simple implements. The fisher laying out some fifty yards behind him, took up the baited end and with one hand swung 'it round his head. At first the circuit was small, but as the hand gradually yielded more tackle this became larger, and when the sporting radius rector had reached forty yards or more, suddenly released it darted into the snowy fringe below. In an instant the running cord gave sign of a capture, in another it was hauling in hand over hand, and in due course a twenty pounder, shining with the hues of life, mounted the cliff and lay helpless on the turf.

Let me try, my man, said Fitzgibbon, it seems very easy. Sartain, said the man, its three shillings a try, a settled aforehand, an if you hooks un we doosent charge no more. And the fish will be mine, hinted Fitzgibbon. Cant say zactly, said the man, the rope is ourn. Yes, but my skill, said Fitzgibbon. Yarn costs so dear, said the man, an I guess its poor stuff arter all. But I pay you for the use of the line. I guess you doosent pay for

the fish, said the man, that's a gwine to be tew much. The fish I presume are as much mine as yours before they are caught, said Fitzgibbon. Yes, but arter that they belong to us, said the man. Cant conclude but the Almighty has put 'em thar for us to sell, an I guess its a mean price tew—why they fought only three-pence farthing in Newport market last week.

Fitzgibbon confused by the argument, but still bent on the trial, complied with the terms, and taking up an effective position whirled two or three yards with great success. You doosent give her rope enough by a long sight, cried his instructor. Whereupon the acolyte relaxing his fingers and forgetting again to apply the break, the line flew into a larger circumference but in a lower plane, and taking the Doctor at mid-body, wrapped him once or twice, and then catching Miss Hartley by the shoulders turned round and round until completely reeled.

The binding of the Doctor's arms, and the inconvenient tightness felt by Miss Hartley, pleased no one in the company perhaps ex-

cept the expiring bass. Fitzgibbon, however, showed extreme contrition, and he and the men made such willing efforts that the captives were soon released, with no worse harm than the effects principally moral that might be expected from a startling constriction. But none of the party, not even Fitzgibbon, were inclined to tarry longer on the spot.

As Miss Hartley and her father walked away, Fitzgibbon lingered at a slower pace behind. He had got almost into solitude as he thought, when he observed on his flank, and bending the same way with himself, the boy who had companioned the men on the cliff. Boys had an unhappy fascination for Fitzgibbon, though he seldom meddled with them without regretting it. Accordingly he now accosted the young sandpiper: What is your name? Tom Tilley. Where do you live, my son? he proceeded. Guess not, was the reply. I bees young un to the gentleman what owns the tools, and his female is my mother. Well, you can say where you live, I suppose, returned Fitzgibbon. Down thar, said the boy, in a compressive style that left

the inquirer at a loss for ready rejoinder, an interval the native availed himself of for an attack not less pungent than surprising to the subject of it.

What d'yer go an choke yer sister with a bass rope for? said he. She is not my sister, exclaimed Fitzgibbon in breathless astonishment. Howsmever yer slapped her in the face with a stinkin m'haiden. Outrago! cried Fitzgibbon, placing his hands to his ears. How long, proceeded the torturer, ar yer gwine to hold out at the Doctor's? Guess he ar down tired o' feedin yer by this. Never, exclaimed the injured gentleman looking his assailant in the face, have I known the idiosyncrasy of national genius so rampant! But the boy placing two fingers in his mouth drowned the words in a Pandæan shriek, and then disappeared.

Fitzgibbon had often remarked the Doric manners of this class of citizens; but the present instance excelled in simplicity and shortness of shaft anything he had hitherto met with. He sought the shelter of his friends at the soonest, but however sore in his feelings, kept the adventure to himself.

All had walked some distance on their way home, when it was announced by one and assented to by another, that Miss Hartley was missing. No doubt she has stopped at Armstrong's, said the Doctor. Polly Armstrong has had an accouchement lately, and Miss Hartley likes to do nice things for her, so we will go home and she will soon follow us. Fitzgibbon could only say: What a woman is Mrs. Armstrong! she seems to live for nothing but to have accouchements,—and feeling, or at least making, no objection to the Doctor's plan, they both followed it.

The parting of Miss Hartley from her comrades, instead of being occasioned by a visit of benevolence, had been due to a cause that began and ended in herself. She found the protracted company of two old men, resembling autumnal effects, disposed her to a meditative frame of mind, and left her silent and musing when she ought to have been listening or talking. She had attempted to control this, but her thoughts constantly wandered from every subject that passed between her father and Fitzgibbon. At last the rude physical shock

she had owed to the little skill or ill-placed enterprise of the latter; gave them so decided a turn, that forgetting her companions, she took advantage of a path on her right, that leading down the cliff promised seclusion and the possibility of again mounting to the upper air a little farther on.

The rude track, in some places difficult and always pretty steep, half concealed by bushes and shaking with loose stones, ran zig-zag down the precipitous front, sometimes crossing a shelf of rock, until it reached the narrow sands at the foot of the falaise, which, covered at high water, now at less than flood still left a dry footing. Still she could feel at times the spray, and now and then the white monster flung his prodigious arms as if threatening to embrace her. She had walked some way busy with her thoughts, in spite of the rough thunder she could almost touch with her hand, when her eyes suddenly met the figure of Church. It was the first time she had seen him for many days; but in their last meeting she had spoken, as well as she could, a decision adverse to his pretensions.

Church had proved unwilling or unable to accept a finality, though this was not the first time it had offered. His present appearance almost touched Miss Hartley with pity. He was seated on a natural ledge in a little alcove, which the ancient sea had hollowed out of the primæval land, and often returned to even in the present day. The fingers of one hand rested on a corner of his upright hat, which at their bidding, but without the guidance of his eyes, turned on its opposite point first one way and then the other on the ground, without much prospect of drilling the rock, but with some disadvantage to the beaver. His averted looks were fixed upon an earth-point near to his regards, but probably the furthest from his thoughts. He was lost in reflection, perhaps stupid with sorrow. His retreat was turned from the sun, and therefore in shade, and could not be obvious to any approaching from this direction, until arrived at the point where Miss Hartley stood.

Fearful to retreat and not willing to advance, for either movement would be sure to rouse him, Miss Hartley showed the picture

of dismay. At last summoning a sternness to her counsels, which entered with difficulty, she resolved to herself: He knows it is chance has brought about this meeting, and if he have any doubt, my behaviour shall instruct him that fortune may be treacherous to me without helping him.

Accordingly she advanced, and almost with her first step, Church was aware of her presence. He rushed out of his cave, even forgetting his cocked hat in his hurry, and making a low bow as if to the ocean, placed himself before her. He seemed by the working of his features to be speaking, but his words gave no sound. Miss Hartley looked up at times to see if he were still uttering, and found he continued to do so longer than the defects of his discourse seemed to justify. It soon occurred to him, that his speech missed some vital quality, and the remedy he devised was to mingle more vigorous vocalization with increased action. But if words had failed, gesticulations were not more fortunate, and at last, exhausted by his efforts, he sank into rest.

No sooner had he done so, than Miss Hartley, with an air of candour that made her companion think he had never seen her look so lovely as then, took up the word apparently with the end of treating the adverse positions seriatim, but in truth deprecating requests which no one was then making. For Church had avoided allusion to an interesting subject in favour of hinting briefly at his family troubles and future designs. She spoke for a time without lifting her eyes, but when she did so, her interlocutor was shaking his head in despair. Feeling that her matter was not adapted to reflect cheerful effects, she still proceeded. But Church's face growing more inquiring and distressful, forced her to detect the mystery, and smiling at the thought of efforts which an obvious cause had made at once futile and ludicrous, she pointed to the top of the cliff.

Church, if not alike amused, was equally intelligent, and taking the way to a little staircase, though the steps were of rock, waited as if wishing Miss Hartley to lead. But this she declined to do, leaving him to

take the advance, and the procession thus arranged, they began to mount. It was well they did so, for at that moment a ninth wave swallowed up their late standing four feet deep with a soapy fluid, and even dashed them contemptuously with rags of water. If Church had not the satisfaction of saving the woman he loved from drowning, it was really by his aid that Miss Hartley once or twice escaped falling. But at last they reached the high country, whence looking towards the sea, not a vessel was in hearing distance, and regarding the land, though Miss Hartley thought she perceived a faint phantom of two old gentlemen fading in the haze, it either was not true or not enduring.

This unexpected meeting, said Church in a sad voice, will at least afford me the opportunity of saying farewell. Certainly unexpected, replied Miss Hartley; but we are still to be friends I hope. That will probably never meet again, he replied, Within a few days or hours, I shall leave Tiverton. Fortune will carry me I know not where, and it matters not—since it takes me from home, from scenes

I have loved, from friends that are dear, that home to be broken up, those friends scattered.

What ill news do you bring me, Mr. Church? said Miss Hartley, alarmed at such a prospect. Why this sudden resolve? Besides you cannot leave the island—it is impossible. Rather impossible to stay, he replied. If my father's misfortune have not reached you, it soon will; but let me say what I did not know when we last met, nor some months ago when I—But Miss Hartley signified by her looks that it was unnecessary to make the period more descriptive—Let me say I am now a—pauper.

His last word was imperfectly heard, for he turned his head at the moment, and his companion supplied—A patriot? If you have taken that part, she continued, it is unfortunate. I cannot approve it—I mean I have no right to approve Mr. Church's conduct, however much as a friend of his family I may regret the step.

It soon appeared that in his own view he was both one and the other; that he was really in a short while to leave for good his

old accustomed haunts, that the venerable Colonel too would also be an exile from his home, and that he, Church, being about to identify himself with a cause that seemed yet a weak plant on the insular territories, could hardly expect to visit the neighbourhood again.

At last, as if his feelings could no longer wait on time or propriety, or the uncertainty of events, Church exclaimed, in tones of desperation no less than of grief, What will happen to you! what will become of you! where else will you find a protector?

After a moment as if waiting to assure her of what was surprising, but with a rising dignity that was too plain to her companion, Miss Hartley replied: I do not know that it remains with Mr. Church alone to guide the favour of fortune or shield the ills of fate, but in either case I must gratefully decline his skill.

Still with tenderness much awakened she had some difficulty in distinguishing the different kinds of sympathy, or conveying her feelings to Church without danger of his misapplying them. Foregoing all further thought

of his political delinquencies, she gave sincere commiseration to events he had thus summarily stated. It was indeed a sorrow that one of the oldest families in the vicinage, most noted for goodness and hospitality, should be thus driven from their home; that one so young, a good son, whose qualities all esteemed, should be turned out a wanderer, and thus led to accept a part which in prosperity perhaps would have been repugnant to him; a friend of her own too, who had even aspired to a more interesting relation.

The subject was full enough of touching material, but Church wisely kept it during the remainder of their interview within unobjectionable limits. At last, having bid each other good-bye, Miss Hartley wended her way up the cliff, with red eyes that a white handkerchief in vain essayed to solace; while Church taking an angular course moved slowly over the table, with a face tortured with emotion that fortunately no one saw, not even himself, and fetching sighs that seemed almost sobs. Still the indefeasible man thought he saw something at the bottom of Miss Hartley's

manner on which to ground reanimating effects, and though a chief matter had not been named, and the parting was mournful, he carried away consolations which he resolved to use as soon as his affairs allowed him leisure.

CHAPTER VII.

But few days before Church's meeting with Miss Hartley under the cliff, near Armstrong's, the judicial process which was fraught with serious changes to his family, and whose event had been looked forward to for several months, had reached its crisis. The Colonel, too old to travel readily, too nervous to be in the front, but principally because of a feeling that it was unsafe to leave his battlements for however short a time, was again represented in Newport by his youngest son.

On the eventful day, Church and a few of his friends betook themselves betimes to the

old court-house in Thames-street, a wooden building that probably had not exhausted the talents of its designer, though these may have been of a humble kind. It stood on the upper side of the street, at the corner of another that led at a distance of not many rods to a wharf on the harbour. On either side of a plain entrance, always open, were posted various notices to heirs and personal representatives, or creditors, and even to individuals by name, some written, some printed, and some partaking of both advantages. On each hand on entering was a small room, one evidently the office of the clerk or court prothonotary, and the other upon equal grounds to be taken as the official residence of the sheriff. On penetrating further a double door gave access to the temple of justice itself—a salle not very grand in size nor sweet in condition, having the judicial rostrum at one end and a large table below it, with numerous forms, divided from the room next the door by a railing. Round two of the walls, and hardly more than the height of a cow from the floor, ran a gallery, one end of which formed a box intended to en-

close those who should be called to be judges of the law as well as the facts; and in general very bad judges they were of either.

All this furniture was of plain naked wood; but ingenious decorators for sixty or seventy years back, devoting professional idleness or the listless leisure of bystanders, had cut and carved it in a manner to repair the want of original adornment. Every angle had been more or less shaped into remembrance of human noses, sometimes a full figurehead or the factitious faces of cats and monkeys. The less skilful in art had hacked and hewed every obtrusive corner, every over-righteous straight line or too self-complacent smoothness, into a chaos where striking things were mingled with many more meaningless designs. While a ruder energy had tested the thickness of bench or table by digging holes with long shelving sides completely through their substance, which with many unfinished caves and unparallel furrows made both but partially fit for their proper uses. In addition, those not fertile in sculpture had allowed their talents to exuberate in pen and pen-feather portraits of

distinguished men, mostly high criminals, to judge by the repulsive lineaments, or spent them for the time on desultory distiches and mural epigrams which difficult to read were more so to admire. Finally, over the court-house and especially the court-room, reigned a sapid effluvium, in cold by no means agreeable, but in hot weather affecting, which rose with excitement, and was slightly abated during the long vacation, but in the minds of the citizens so strongly associated with the idea of law that it was taken by many to be the proper odour of the science. It was, however, helped by the fact that fishermen often mingled in the audience or hung about the entrance, and that the neighbouring wharf was a principal landing-stage, even a place of sale, and to some degree a curing-station for the creatures of the deep.

Church, arrived in an empty court-room, did not spend a long time in surveying the desert around him when it began to show signs of life. A man with diminishing eyes and forcible mouth, overshaded by a rusty chapeau and bearing a pole with the words, What cheer!

wreathed spirally under a crown at the top, entered importantly, followed by two or three crafty constables or court-keepers. Presently a short personage with small head and large belly, without any hat, but gathering heavy books as well as lighter records under each arm, bustled in with less importance than hurry, and took possession of a desk on the right under the bench. Then a tall man, in cocked hat and sword, with milk-white hair, who if not of the upper class seemed to enjoy the comfort of clean linen which is peculiar to them, marched through the defile of benches, and lifting his cover respectfully sat down deferentially on the left, with the intention as it proved of taking a large pinch of snuff. This was the sheriff, and even entitled to be called the high sheriff.

In the meanwhile, in addition to gathering spectators outside the rails, Church's gladiators had assembled, including Pynchon, Jarvis and another junior, and also a juvenissimus unknown to fame. Presently the Jew plaintiff, humbly treading in the train of Buggins, a native leader, one or two defenders also of the soil,

and the great Boudinot, imported on special retainer from Philadelphia, approached and took seats opposite the hostile array. In a moment the prothonotarius hissed or whistled low, the high sheriff stood upright and smiled, the crier exclaimed Hats off! and a proud man in black stuff gown and voluminous wig, though the latter of extra size and costly was the property of the crown and not of the *benegerens* for the time being, opened the crowd right and left, even the benches moved out of his way, and mounting the platform placed himself in the curule. Directly as he did so, the crier shouted vociferously O yes! O yes! with other words familiar to many but intelligible to none.

After sounding still further proclamations and invitations, all ending with God save the King and Providence Plantations, this official had finished his performance, and things were in a proper state for pannelling a jury. As the good men and true answered to their names, they severally went out of the door of the court-room, and shortly reappeared at a dog-hole in the back of the box upstairs to take their seats therein. Twelve names had been

called, and the clerk had remarked that they would all swear together, when a sudden whispering arose to the effect that a man was missing. The clerk looking up counted noses attentively, the sheriff did the same, the Prætor followed his example, and all agreed that there were only eleven men where twelve should be.

Most peculiar conduct! exclaimed the Judge, looking severely at the counsel below him; extraordinary indifference to the interests of society. I wish it to be known that I shall fine heavily and imprison severely any one neglecting his obligations in such a—

But here his words were interrupted by an unseen voice from outside the rails exclaiming confidently: Yer Honour, I know he has been buyin a hoss for six months, an its right down like now he is gone to the hoss market. I'll bet my old woman to a slop-pail this here instant he is a shyin the hoss heels. Go right away, spoke the Judge to an expectant mes senger, to the horse-market and in the name of his Majesty inquire if he is there.

As the low-born official shook his queue and

proceeded to execute his orders, it seemed likely that his absence would be a tedious one, for the horse-market it was known lay at the extreme end of the town, quite in the country. Pynchon, therefore, rose and said that as the court had nothing before it he would beg leave to amuse it with a few remarks on the opposite counsel. The plaintiff, he said, in his unrighteous effort to rob his client, had gone to the expense, which he was well able to bear, of importing aid from a distant province—a confederate who it seemed was willing and anxious to act in any cause if paid for it, and to do the dirty work of any man on the same terms. If there were no lawyers, it might be thought there would be no rogues, or at any rate every one must admit the number would be much diminished. But he allowed everything to an honourable profession; indeed it was admitted that an honourable man might have a rogue for his client, for rogues had as much use for forensic talents as others, but then he ought to be extremely nice in proportion to the infamy he was paid to assist. He, Pynchon, did not set much cost by conscience, for

conscience he knew varied with the weather, or at least with climate, and he was aware that the torrid sun of a certain city had a peculiarly stretching effect. But he did put it to the court whether it was quite delicate for a gentleman to intrude himself into a bar to which he was an utter stranger, and set himself down in a place with whose interests or citizens he had not the slightest connection, as the advocate of a wicked attempt to rifle an honest man of his property?

Buggins rose at the same time with Boudinot to reply to this stupefying attack, and there was contention between them which should speak first, so they both spoke at once. But Boudinot begged so earnestly that one against whose name no licensed calumniator had ever breathed reproach would allow him to say a word, and persisted so perseveringly in the request that his honourable friend would believe that Heaven had given him means to protect himself, that Buggins, having declared that the King's forum was free as air, and that talent, no matter what province it came from, was

entitled to be heard, at last reluctantly sat down.

Boudinot, however, had only got as far as "guardian of my own honour," when Jarvis, abruptly rising, took the eye of the court from him, and proceeded to state that a gentleman had just communicated to him a piece of information, which he thought it important the court should possess at the earliest moment. Nay, under the circumstances, he deemed it his professional duty to impart it without delay, more particularly as it rested on the evidence of a thoroughly respectable individual, of whom he knew nothing, not having the slightest acquaintance with him. The information to which he alluded was this, that the absent juror, entangled by feelings which the institutions of society prompt and nature approves, or deferring to the beauty of an ordinance which the Mosaic dispensation had plainly copied from the Christian code, had or was—he said *engaged* because that was usually the next and ultimate step with those who tampered with principles of right or lingered, not wisely

but too long, in a dangerous vicinity—had or was engaged, probably by parole and not on bond or specialty, to be married, or about to be, or wishful to be engaged, or contemplating such an arrangement, and that it was thought he might have been induced or seduced—

Engaged to be married! exclaimed the Judge; a man sworn to make true deliverance engaged to be married! Monstrous! What, who, where does she live? Jarvis went on to say that he had not been put in possession of these particulars; but that his informant stood ready to impart them in any way or to any person his Honour might deem useful. Go directly to the young woman, commanded the Judge to another underling, and in the name of his Majesty inquire if she has got him.

It was a long while before the second angel returned; but the time was not wasted, for Buggins, Pynchon, and Boudinot, and their respective aids, improved it in further debating the point already raised, with a fire of personalities from which the delighted audience

inferred the most virulent bad feelings between them. At length the tipstaff last despatched re-entered the tribunal in breathless haste, to deliver his word that the young woman had not seen him for six weeks, and never wanted to see him again no more, and if the court discovered where he was she begged they would not tell her. He was followed close at the heels by the prior messenger, who reported that the horse auctioneer did not know such a man, and had not seen him, and further that he could recollect a horse very well but a man made no impression on him.

While this double disappointment was working in the minds of all, the door in the gallery slowly opened, and the delinquent himself quietly entered and slunk into his seat. It seemed that after walking straight out of the court-room, instead of turning to the right, as his fellows had done, he had persevered in a forward direction, which shortly, to his surprise, carried him out of the court-house itself. His first feeling was to retrace his steps, but the advantage of

this unexpected result it seemed was too striking to be at once surrendered. Of course it was incompatible with his presence in the jury-box, and what he valued more, left him at liberty to pursue any other plan without a present objector.

Where have you been? exclaimed the Judge, with thickening brows, as soon as his attention had been directed towards him. Do you know, sir, under George the Third, caput 16, amending and repealing, I can fine heavily and imprison severely? Where have you been? And it seems after all the young woman cared nothing about you, for she begged not to be informed in case of your recovery, and the highly respectable Mr. Landis had no knowledge of you whatever, though he could remember a horse very well.

The man muttered his excuses, which seemed to amount to this, that hearing they would have to wait for a witness, he had only been in next door to get a cocktail. Did you get it? inquired the Judge. Yes, sir, responded the citizen. Very good, said the Judge, proceed

with the case. Mersereau, he added, when you go after a juror, or a witness, or a man in future, look in next door before setting out for the horse market. I should have supposed it would occur to an officer of average stupidity.

Church and his friends had been made very restless by this preluding, for they were impatient to have the real conflict begin. At last the junior for the lessor of the plaintiff had made his opening, which, principally taken up with abuse of Pynchon, touched incidentally on the grounds of the action. Evidence was taken, both documentary and oral, including the reading of records in bog Latin, and words of mouth in a dialect of the mother tongue. Several aged compurgators were invoked, who being very deaf heard little that was said to them, and besides had but one idea, and that commonly threw little or no light on the issue. Their train of thought being carried back many years by the circumstances of an ejectment suit, they selected any striking event of the epoch, provided it had nothing to do with the matter. One aged woman,

with a lively eye, that seemed to be the survivor of another sense, being asked when the elder Davis died, replied that Pokanoket had a child by Susan Peeps. Did Davis live on the Coddington lot? inquired the counsel. It was a little boy, she continued. Of course, but we are not talking of boys now. Old lady, remarked the Judge, you are asked did Davis live on the Coddington lot? It was a side shot, yer Honour, she replied. Old woman, dont talk improperly to me, said the Judge. You have every appearance of being a creditable person, indeed I do not doubt you are a decent old woman and have probably moved in good society, but I must say your deportment in the box is not what it should be. Now, you are asked about Davis, do you know anything about Davis? They called it Poke always after, she answered.

Affairs had been long under weigh when there was a great stir outside the rails, and then a disturbance within to make way for a solemn-looking man who bore refreshments on a tray, including a goblet of water and de-

canter of wine. This apparition impressed the general vision at a moment when the closeness of the room and the fatigue of the legal squabbles seemed to set such a provision above all price. The aproned minister conquering the difficulties of his path, reached the bench of justice at one end, and rested his burden within arm's-length of the presiding officer. All eyes turned on the set-out, except those of the Judge, who regarded it not, and to all appearance was more absorbed in his writing than ever. After a while, however, he gave a side look, and this had its effect, for shortly he put out one arm and poured some water into a tumbler. Another interval gone, he versed a little wine into a glass, which he subsequently, at successive periods, sipped, and finally emptied. The custom thus inaugurated, he recurred at short stages to the glass and when necessary to the decanter, and before the morning work was finished the bottle of wine was entirely so.

At last the long-expected dinner-hour arrived, and the court being adjourned, the bench and the bar repaired to a room a few

doors off, where Dodshaw, who filled that office to the profession in Newport, had prepared a meal or cibus, in which the solids were to the liquids as a bottle of wine to an ounce of meat, which though cooked at one end of the town was to be eaten at the other. Here, hanging up their gowns and wigs on equidistant pegs, which gave them the look of a row of barristers with their faces to the wall, they equally put off the fierce and fugitive manners of the forum. Pynchon and Boudinot were not less friendly and genial than the others, and the young man who had vilified the former so immeasurably, turned out to be his most esteemed friend. The mirth of all revelled in technical drollery, in which a client was always the butt, and passed from that to natural pictures of rural love or even town adventures. The heavy port had begun to flow with the first solid mouthful, because, as the Judge remarked, they had more *vinum* than *tempus*; and before the pudding was divided the number of empty bottles considerably exceeded that of the full guests.

Come, said the Judge, we shall keep the

Jew waiting. Were it the whole kingdom of Judah, not until we have had another bottle apiece, said Boudinot. The Judge was accordingly outvoted, not much to his dissatisfaction it seemed, and Dodshaw was ordered to raise another company of veterans, which he quickly did, man for man, for they were standing on end close by.

I wish, said Pynchon, old Church and prophet Samuel and Susan Peeps were in a sack together.—And you and I holding the string, said Boudinot. God save the King! should drop it in Newport harbour, added Buggins, and we would make a night of it.

At last the Serjeants-at-law, rufous and rollicking, preceded by the frowsy mouth-piece, who in the general repletion had not neglected himself, rolled out arm-in-arm into the street to render themselves at another session, though to be a short and sleepy one. As they made their few steps along the pavement they were met by a sailor, who himself half-seas over took them for a parcel of old girls—at least that was to be inferred from his words, and would have given one or more of them an

accolade, which it seemed was his custom with old girls; but quickly evading the naval salute, and leaving their pikeman in the act of making a proclamation to the profane man, they rushed into the shelter of the court-house, and resumed their seats.

The asperities of dispute seemed softened into a maudlin gentleness. As the Judge became more quiet, he looked more wise, and more than one of the counsel was netting swallows from the end of his nose. A healthy antagonism had passed into a slobberly tone; and the air of drowsiness fell so heavily that to the audience what had been lively and exciting, now seemed dull and spiritless, though to Church and his party it still retained interest. It was the end of one day, and near the close of another, before the legal contention that threatened to give the coup de grace to Colonel Church's fortunes came to a result, but when it did so the threat was accomplished.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the disastrous termination of his father's lawsuit, Church hastened to Tiverton, the bearer of sorry news, which expectation had done much to assuage, since it allowed of a deliberate arrangement of plans, and obviated the suddenness which is often the worst part of ill.

He brought back with him from Newport, among the supporters who had lately sat by his side, or found pacing in consultation the old dining-room at home, sons and sons-in-law of the head of the house assembled from various quarters, some of them distant ones,

to assist at this funeral of the family pride. Church, of the Genesee country, a fine man of forty, with health and happiness in his looks, and a touch of grey on his whiskers; Colonel Byrd of Virginia, somewhat older in years, but a gallant admirer of virtue, himself a rare model of the generous sentiments he upheld; and Corbyn, who in the age of noble figures and frank features, when commercial cunning had not yet risen as high as the nose, was esteemed almost the first and certainly the handsomest man of a long neighbourhood,— these seemed the leaders as they were indeed the oldest members of the re-united parentele. Among these faithful adherents, Church found the old man moving with ease and good spirits, which at first surprised him, but he soon came to think that his father had some cause for content.

The Colonel, by a long course of contemplation, had reached a composed view of his state. Many might be in worse plight, but few men he thought could be better off than he was, at his time of life, in having his big children as he called them around him, tending

his wishes with affection, soothing him with unexpected consolations, amusing him with sprightly words, and defending him like a company of artillery from all assailants. Though the reunion was to last but few days, and he was to leave the precincts at the same time with his guests, he found ground of happiness in his company. After a long solitude the house seemed to rejoice in the merry crowds of former years, and its master to be mingling with the spirits that time had cut off from his train.

He was reconciled to his reverses; for what he had never much valued now seemed to have less value than ever, at any rate only for others, positively none on his own account. He was standing at the end of life with failing powers, unable to feather a turkey-cock at twenty paces, or even to see it; incapable of sitting a donkey even; and it naturally occurred to him that he must soon leave his great body, which already everything else appeared to be leaving, except the cheerful spirit, sometimes clouded but most often cheerful, and the more so the longer he lived,

which he expected to take with him. He forgave the vultures, for there was more than one of them, that had picked the eyes out of his title, and felt grateful to them for leaving enough, as Byrd and Corbyn assured him they had done, with nothing to spare, to pay his debts. At times, he recurred with anxiety to his young Benjamin; but if God protects him, thought the Colonel, he will come to a safe haven at last. Where he himself was to spend the short remainder of his term, was for the Colonel one of the hidden things in the womb of days. But wherever it was, he was determined to be happy, and to set to work at some spiritual improvements, which though long contemplated had never been fairly carried out.

Church had given his care with others to the debate of schemes for his father's comfort, which now seemed complete; but the breaking up of his home, and the engagement of his feelings in another matter pressed him sadly, and his own resolutions required much pondering. On one or two days he absented himself after breakfast, and revolved in a long

walk the approaching change, and it was on one of these occasions that, seated in an eighbourhood favourable to lonely thought, he had met with Miss Hartley.

Among other offers from his friends, Byrd and Corbyn pressed him to come to Virginia, where he should have a welcome in either of their houses, and the sports of country life in as much perfection as plenty of the best of horses, skilful servants, a numerous society of idle gentlemen, and estates stocked with nature's own preserves of game might be expected to afford. Perhaps he might marry an heiress, or suit himself with a profession, and in either case would not be likely to leave them; but at any rate he might look out into the world and decide on his future career.

And, my dear Harvey, said Corbyn, I know you were fond of your colt—Young Messenger is his name, of the Godolphin is his blood. Well, let me say to you he is still yours. He has been away for some time on urgent private affairs, but well cared for, as you shall see for yourself. As he spoke, a black boy, with a grin that indicated the happiness of a surprise,

led out on the lawn before the windows a young horse, of colour bay, of stature about fifteen hands, in whom Arab descent might account for a truly remarkable appearance of strength and beauty. Church's gratitude was equal to his pleasure; but in the mutual recognition the horse seemed to give way to his feelings more than the man.

The style of life on Virginia plantations at this time was of the most generous. The proprietors, with large incomes and little outlay, reaping the wealth of a virgin soil which exchanged at high prices, enjoyed in a society exclusively of their own kind the full value of agricultural independence. Their crops entered the ports of England; and the yearly returns, whether more or less, well rewarded the cost of production. Their children, sent in early youth to Europe to complete the education begun by tutors and governesses at home, returned to form new establishments or to succeed to the family mansion. But the life of plenty, free of the sordid influences of trade, free of political disturbance, for nature itself had set up the barrier of class, the charm of a cultivated

community that breathed the air of the country instead of a capital, the pride engendered by the dependence of inferiors, and the reflection that no other known land afforded example of a society so luxurious and yet so simple, so powerful and yet so happy, produced an abiding affection for home; so that in a long course of years hardly one instance had been known of an absentee who preferred to spend his income abroad.

Their houses, for the most part large, standing in natural parks of great beauty, could cover the numerous guests whom a plentiful board, yet little costing, could equally entertain; and while the burden of hospitality was light, its pleasure was proportioned to the refinement, somewhat differing from the standard of this age, of educated and generous men. The pleasures of the visitor were likely to be enhanced by womanly graces, for the wives and daughters of Virginia were not less remarkable than her men. Both were accustomed from infancy to the saddle, an exercise that of all others has the most virtue in it for body and mind. Both were good readers, for

though books are little esteemed by the busy world, they form a main resource of country life, and few were the houses that did not own a library. Hunting, in a thickly wooded country, the hardiest of sports, was universally practised; every neighbourhood had its kennel, some both stag and fox hounds; every gentleman could go across country, and most ladies had at some time followed the view-cry. The blood horses, everywhere else so useful, also distinguished themselves on the course; but unlike the example of other lands, the sport was not more earnest than honest, for the whole society had but two classes, the delicate and honourable and the bondman and inferior.

The long nights of winter were diversified by frequent balls, by neighbourly visits, the days of summer by early morning rides or drives which ended in a second breakfast, decidedly a meal of mirth and conversation. This preceded the hot impracticable hours, when like the birds in the woods all betook themselves to studious retirement. Long after meridian the house reassembled in full dress at dinner; and this important and sometimes

durable business accomplished, the company adjourned for their coffee to a piazza more steady but long and broad as the deck of a frigate. Here talking and walking, singing or fluting, or busy in any other pastime that might be enjoyed without lights, but regaled by native nightingales, by chirping tree-frogs, by cooing wood doves, by shrill kattydids, and dreamy grasshoppers, by the hoarse see-saw of amphibious reptiles, or the undistinguishable hum of countless sonorous creatures—though the concert had this advantage over others that custom made it almost inaudible—they passed the hours until the notes of the whip-o'-will, that lover of midnight no less than of sorrow, warned them to bed. But if the master had his pleasures, the son of Hagar had his amusements in more than equal degree. With moderate work and just treatment, a serf of the soil rather than the hand, and what he valued above most things, sure to die on the estate where he was born, of the gay he was the gayest, of the happy the most content.

The attractions of a residence within sight of the Blue Ridge, or at least in an interior

where the rivers were grander, the trees bigger, and the souls of men larger than could be paralleled on a cool little island and its neighbourhood, were enforced by the friendly manner of his brothers-in-law. But Church had a wholesome fear of the habits of men of his own age in this warmer clime. He had heard of sons of old families and heirs to good estates devoting themselves to cock-fighting and the decrees of chance with such vigour, as to leave them early in life with little more than a set of cocks, which however useful did not yield a very sufficing income. And though Church had not even fighting birds, he owned what was more worth, a shrewd discernment of the disadvantage of ill company.

Besides, of late his friend Hawthorne had been urging him by letter to take up a part which might be expected to have all the excitement of the poultry pastime, for it would turn him into a blue-and-yellow combatant himself, and extending the sphere of the game might record his achievements in the history of men. If he would only bring with him a horse and a rifle, a possession in itself a great

part of the military science, and an old sword from his father's cavalier collections, a few weeks would fit him to lead fellow-citizens, who with nothing that could be strictly called a horse or a rifle had in many instances hardly as many days' instruction. If such a step seemed opposed to the prejudices of his family, it was obvious that these would soon be hundreds of miles off, whence in the present adherent passages of the post, soon to precipitate into profound rest, remonstrance would not be frequent, if at all; not to say that there was ground to expect that the men of the Rappahannock and the river of Jacobus would shortly be sharpening their spurs on the same side.

Church was inclined to prefer the course thus recommended, on patriotic grounds, and especially as it included a continued abiding near the island. He almost thought it possible the day might come when a certain lady would deem his mental defection compensated by his bodily presence, and prefer to have him a rebel near at hand to a loyalist a good way off, though he did not reflect that a rebel is not

more sure of his locality than others. Finally he resolved that the same day that saw his father's departure should inaugurate for him a career in another direction, at least as far as the mainland in the rear of Mount Hope; a necessary coincidence, since the first-named event would mark the extinction of the domestic fire of the Churches. Accordingly he made his simple preparations, which included even less than the Douaniers of most countries would pass as personal necessaries, with some portable mementoes of a mother or a sister, and Taylor's Holy Living and Dying in twelves, and awaited the day of exodus with feelings not more calm than sorrowful.

The plan devised by the family council, and assented to by the Colonel was simply this, that the latter should forthwith company his good sons-in-law to the south, on board a little vessel then lying at Church's cove, in which they had aborded some weeks before on the coast of Compton. He would there find, with one of his daughters or perhaps all in turn, a haven as sufficing as hearts into which kindness had flowed from his own could make it.

His fears of burdening his faithful children were imaginary; for in those purely agricultural times reverence for age and regard of its wants was the first of duties, and they who were generous to all, were particularly so to the old. The old man in the house, loved with the young, friendly with the servants, prized by the elders like a trust of heaven, was a common feature of Virginia establishments; even the old slave was petted and humoured, and respected, as one that, past the cares of this, was near the confines of the life eternal.

With a view to this transmigration, Byrd and Corbyn had provided an excellent schooner, indeed taken up its maritime charter for the occasion, of the class that carried on, at not very frequent intervals, the simple exchanges between the pigmy ports of the inland sea and some of the Caribbean islands. The small bottom, commodious and well found, was entirely manned, though few hands were needed to manœuvre simple halliards and two or three sheets, even from the skipper downwards, by blacks, as was the case then with all the

Chesapeake marine, though large ships that freed the Atlantic had the sailors as well as owners English. She was fortunately roomy, for it was a chief part of the plan that all the Colonel's people should go with him. His retinue was therefore large, the company of gentlemen considerable, the luggage that carried mere wearing apparel plentiful, the stores and provisions bulky, but many boxes in addition of books, and pictures, and relics, which foresight had saved for the master's solace, helped to fill up very sufficiently, and even cumbered the cabin.

At last the day arrived for the mournful flitting; mournful it was, for though the sapling forget its place, the old tree has given shelter to too many, has given pleasure to more, has listened the ravings of the solitary, the whispers of love, has life comrades among the elders, too many friendships with the young, that it should be fatally rooted out without stirring the country side, as if a castle were fallen or going to fall. Accordingly, on a fine hazy morning in St. Luke's summer, when the golden sun looked on dry leaves and

the air was still as a cathedral, save the tapping of a woodpecker or the screechings of the kill-deer on the ponds, the neighbours far and near, the friends of many a mile, came to give the Colonel and his train a sad parting.

The walkers were many, so were the horsemen, but the vehicles seemed more numerous, with old horses, fat horses and lean horses, after the manner of a country funeral. Heavy farmers, who seemed bent at times on screwing at least one fist into an eye-hole, sympathetic tradesmen from big and little towns, pedlars who cheated several counties and yet could be sorry for a single house, gentlemen of great repute from Newport, gentlemen from Bristol, even desperate lean externs from Quaker hill, and territorial truants who had left, perhaps, their corn-stalk drill on the main only the day before, many curious, but all regretful, rendered themselves without distinction of party at the obsequies of worth.

Among the considerable crowd was Nannie Dawson, in her whitest muslin, with her white hair dressed in white chrysanthemums. She was fond of white things, and to her unperspica-

cious eyes the soul of the elder Church had long seemed the height of pure colour. With a smiling nod for many, she had words only for Harvey ; indeed their talk was so earnest that a colonial chawbacon found it imperative to be continually taking up an epaulement to detect the mystery, but a shifting of the ground as constantly denied his object. In short, the occasion was affecting, and the day proved a white handkerchief day of the most decided kind.

The loading of the vessel had been going on for some days before, and when the last hour arrived there was little to ship but the bodies of the exiles. The company followed them on foot from the house to the point of embarkation, though the distance was not trifling. Cato led the procession and the black masses at the same time, stiff as a maypole, with his longest queue aboard, and otherwise expensively dressed, particularly a red cloak and full-bottomed white wig, which, though not suiting his queue, matched with his dignity, newly descended though themselves not new. His moral eyes that never looked far before or behind, were occupied in the present pride

of a parade, which saving the irregularities of the women that required frequent licks of the tongue, and the mischief of demonic boys which occasionally demanded a cuff, was gratifying.

At last, winding along a pleasant road with far-seeing prospects, they descended to the little cove which just inside the sea-front might afford excellent shelter to a small navy. As they stood on the exporting deck, the roll was called, for though not likely to be wilful desertion, there seemed a great chance of stupid defaulters. But no one was missed, not even a tom-cat, though he disliked dogs excessively, of whom there were several in company, but an empty house was worse than rude disagreeable persons.

At this point the Colonel, who had kept up his spirits bravely, seemed to be leaning on the side of regrets, and the high atmosphere of his resolution to be invaded by bodily attachments. He had felt for some time a growing dread at taking the irrevocable step without a provision that he thought could not be easily pulled out of the sea. Corbie, said he with a

downcast look, had we not better take some of the old wine with us, the Cumberland port at least, and the London particular?

It is not in the bond, my dear Colonel, replied Corbyn: we were entitled to draw on the cellars as long as we stayed, but not a bottle beyond. Besides, there is another reason—the lockers are as full of old wine as they can be already, besides a mountain under the main hatch.

At last the little fore-and-aft was fairly pushed off, and a two-oared tug a-head slowly pulled her from the natal land, bearing the Colonel like a sovereign who abdicates his power from political causes rather than faults of his own. As she retreated, the shore crowd uncovered without exception, and stood in silence. The sails were hoisted, but a flap one way and then the other seemed the only result, but at last on opening the mouth of the strait the gentle airs gave her headway. There were observers dotted along the margin of Rhode; for the sympathy that brought so many across the water also affected others who stayed behind. It was some hours before she

was lost to the spectators on the cliffs, and still longer ere the land entirely disappeared from the sight of those on board. In the offing a passing lugger did the best he could in hoisting a pair of trousers in reversed position, as a signal of respect for manly qualities in adversity; but on that day the shipping in Newport harbour, in like token, wore their flags at half-mast. Church watched for a time the fading object, and then pocketed his tears, and without unnecessary delay mounted Messenger, who he thought was also crying, with saddle-bags and rifle, and without a single attendant, who formerly had so many, or a present friend, though many absent ones, rode straight to the ferry, and before night was present with Hawthorne in a conclave of local military leaders.

CHAPTER IX.

In a few days the weather put on one of those rough caprices that sometimes in this climate relieve the heats of summer with the worst effects of winter. For some days the heat had been intense, the sky unclouded, but the still atmosphere seemed loaded with suspicious heaviness; and saving the land and sea breeze of morning and evening, though these were shorter and less refreshing than usual, hardly a breath of air had stirred the sensitive leaves of the aspen, then a common tree on the island. The sun at his rising was big as a house and red as blood, but shortly put

on his ordinary mid-day appearance. The tokens were thickening: the flies at the board were unusually plentiful and persisting, the bees returned to the hive at more frequent intervals, the ants in the garden swarmed round their abode, building and repairing, but were no longer found far from it. After the day had set, a long bank of earth mist, low in the south-west, gave out phosphoric flashes at measured intervals, but these ceased with the fuller tide of night, and were followed by her stars and constellations as brilliant as ever.

But when in the unseen hours between bed time and early dawn, the air was suddenly chilled, black clouds gathered from more points than one, and the unsteady wind, veering through several quarters and constant to none, at last burst in a terrific downfall, while peal upon peal rang out of the vault, and lightnings leaped from the zenith to the earth, all might have been taken as the signs of a passing summer storm, but were indeed the warning of a two days' easterly gale, that strewed distant shores with frequent wreck, and carried many a soul to its great account.

The wind rocked the tall firs like a ship's masts, the complaining woods told they were sick of his violence, the creaking boughs of the strongest trees showed the fury of his onset. But more than one stout timber was laid low. Feeble chimneys and decayed defences followed the same course, and even poor houses with a weakness in the joints, and barracks that had lived too long, were easily shivered by such redoubted blows. The thunder of the surf, that shook the ground for miles off, plainly heard at Whitehall, seemed as if a thousand first-class whales, with heads to seaward, were simultaneously lashing the little island with their trip hammer tails. But the storm itself had a mighty sound that rivalled the pulses of the sea. Of course, in this fearful war of the elements, shelter was the first necessity with bird and beast, and not less so for reasoning man.

At the rectory in the early part of the day there was probably a general overhauling of old clothes, a task fitted to rough weather and none other, and which it is generally the mind full of talents takes most delight in. As well

as *auto da fes* of old letters, where love and friendship marched to the flames as if heretics in religion instead of mere relics of time. Their reading excited now a smile and now a tear, but both the pain and pleasure were wan and unsubstantial; sometimes a pang, but it hurt no more than a spent-ball that could be caught in the hand, or stopped with a boot-jack. The servants, like sparrows confined to their thatch, more talkative and wrangling than usual, stumbled over each other and boggled the simplest tasks. The kitchen, as always in times of disorder, was the head-quarters of exasperation, and what touched other parts lightly here fell with force. The cook, confused by the crowd, found nothing in its place and everybody in her way, until her temper fired with friction, and no turn was free of a discharge, and no corner safe from explosion.

What were Miss Hartley's employments we know not; but before the close of day the Doctor and Fitzgibbon had met, as if by accident, in the library with the air of people that weary of reading or writing are willing to find

in each other a weapon against time. There was a fire on the hearth, for the day was cold enough to need one, which had now reached the drowsy state propitious to mellow thoughts. The wind and rain, in angry intermittent blasts, swept against the south-eastern panes as if to show how comfortable a house is, and through these at the time could be seen no living creature without one.

Let us rake the coals and put on another stick, said Hartley, as he took the delightful office on himself. God have mercy on — Yes, I feel for the rich such a day as this, interrupted his companion. They suffer so much from chilliness. It was the poor I was thinking of, returned the Doctor dryly, the houseless and the hapless—what must life be to them!

The best that is possible, answered Fitzgibbon. A house is a useless invention, brought in by the Romans, that shortens life and comfort. A man accustomed to the open air dislikes it, and has no need of it. Pity the opulent if you will, with creepiness and fever instead of joy, and minds dead and buried, or

at least dried up and withered, at any rate, incapable of pleasure here, and unfit for blessing hereafter. Happiness is in sensation. Poor dowerless man that keeps a carriage, how my heart bleeds for thee! Thy tattered thoughts and rag-covered spirit speak but too plainly a chill and loop-holed wretchedness.

I had a letter from Logan at Stenton the other day, continued Hartley, as he looked staringly at Fitzgibbon. He is making experiments on oxygen, and thinks of leaving his library to the people. That would be an experiment on oxygen indeed, replied Fitzgibbon, or rather on ox-heads—simply it would be to sow pearls broadcast. A man has a right to do with his own as he pleases, remarked Hartley. Of course, said Fitzgibbon, but the books are his grandfather's. But his grandfather has been dead these thirty years, objected the Doctor. That is nothing, said Fitzgibbon, the books belong to him.

Well, he resumed, recurring to ecclesiastical matters, how comes on the Church affair, were you not rather premature, did you not step out rather quick? You make me feel like the fox

that was invited by Reynard his friend to dine on a goose. Certainly not, returned the Doctor with emphasis. You must allow them time, you must not hurry people, it is a serious affair. Oh, they need not mind me the least in the world, replied Fitzgibbon.

The Doctor rose from his seat and approached the light, to the end as it proved of a minute and prolonged inspection of the weather; and having satisfied himself that neither the wind nor the rain had abated, but if anything increased in force, he announced the result and continued, Do you believe in the circulation of the blood?

Not to-day, certainly, returned Fitzgibbon, and doubtful always. I wonder what absurdity will come next to unsettle the vulgar mind and endanger civil government. If Sydney dished ship-money, I believe it is Harvey will lose England her colonies.

Have you read the book on Free Will? asked Hartley, for he was more disposed to suggest subjects than to exhaust them. Yes, responded Fitzgibbon. Singular matter for a married man to write about, continued the Doctor, from

a distance. No practical knowledge of his subject, you might think, spoke Fitzgibbon, from the fire-place, but they say he exemplifies his theory at home thus: Mistress Edwards, you are quite free to go out to-day, but I have locked up your new bonnet and cut a toe-hole in your red morocco high-lows. Still you are at liberty to go out, if it pleases, but if you do I shall empty the ink-jar into your powder-box.

You were talking the other day of the Greeks, said the Doctor, approaching his friend, what a pity they had not the Christian hope! In later days they had, replied Fitzgibbon. The Athenians came over in crowds; the truth touched their docile hearts as Æolus does the night lyre. But at Rome, Paul I imagine left little behind him but his cloak; he worked somewhat on the Jews of the capital, but the people never followed him in throngs to the country or stopped the tide in the streets as in eastern cities.

What must life have been without it! continued the Doctor. A shilling piece cut out of a map, said Fitzgibbon, with a high road

coming nobody knows whence, and going no one can tell whither, three letters of a kingdom, half an inch of river, and mites walking about in stupidity and terror.

Do you believe in spooks or ghosts? said the Doctor, pursuing his catechism. Hartley, answered Fitzgibbon, I have observed that whenever you are at a loss for a subject, you always ask me if I believe in spooks or ghosts. It does not argue much mental riches, I think, nor great command of exchangeable values, and yet you are reputed well off, at any rate comfortable. You might as well ask a fly on a chariot wheel if he believed in Scotch marriages. Suppose I do not believe in them, what then?

Do you believe in second sight? calmly persevered the Doctor. Yes, and love at first sight too, replied Fitzgibbon. No, no, not that, said Hartley. I mean the visible presentation of an object or series of objects or events, and then a sensual actual realization. Seeing double, said Fitzgibbon. I clearly admit it under particular circumstances.

For several quarter chimes the friends had

been thus idling together, with much of the feelings and something of the inconvenience of two well-informed men in a gale at sea. But before Hartley could further explain, he was again possessed by the great subject of the weather, which indeed had allowed him but few intermissions. He looked through the window at different angles, and even tried to throw a vertical vision up the side of the house, but this unsuccessfully, and added: I have a great mind to get my Dollond.

It is too thick, remarked Fitzgibbon. It is rather thick, he replied. Thick! it is half-a-mile thick, said Fitzgibbon; you cannot see the laurustinus twenty feet from the window. I had forgotten it was there, said the Doctor, and taking up his thread again, continued: Do you not think the normal state of the human race is in pairs? They are born so sometimes, replied Fitzgibbon, but there are a great many odd people.

I allude not so much, said the Doctor, to their introduction into the world, as to a subsequent linking or putting up with each other, which certainly would not be pleasant or prac-

ticable, were it not that some great mundane principle urges and requires it. True, there are casualties that interrupt every law, and defects that prevent entire smoothness, but that seems the rule.

It makes them very proud, returned Fitzgibbon. Proud! how proud? inquired the Doctor. As they wear the order of the Garter themselves, they rather look down on those not thus decorated, said his companion.

It is the countenance of care, replied Hartley, as if to console his friend; troubles always have a resisting look that may be mistaken for a high tone. Why troubles? asked Fitzgibbon; is it not the single happy state? It certainly is not the single happy state, he replied. In fact, it has been observed and I believe truly, that it multiplies troubles, to a high power, intensifying all the conditions of life, so that the favoured people are necessarily very miserable and must be very happy.

Well, continued Fitzgibbon, if the married have their troubles, depend on it John Bachelor has his sorrows, though nobody thinks of them. No matter, John, said the Doctor

you have invisible denizens, nay, earthly trustees to comfort you—you enjoy robust health and you ought not to complain. Fitzgibbon, he added, with, impressive seriousness, and a style that seemed to result from a wish to keep his own counsel and the bubbling nature of his burden,—several days since—in this very room—as plain as I see you—a storm —a shipwreck, but here he stopped.

This broken rhetoric, more moving than regular speech would have been, did not fail of its effect on his companion. The storm seemed now to have reached its height, the heavens grew darker that already overhung a thick impervious gloom, and at the same time it became sensibly colder. The wind roared with a volume of sound that made the floors and roof tremble. Flying twigs and little branches of trees, of which the hasty witches of the air are said to make their coursers, passed swiftly by, and if the chimneys did not tumble it seemed almost sure that a window would be presently dashed in. One or two old pictures trotted audibly against the wall, and a dark-green bust of

Cato the censor, tilted or seemed to tilt on top of a projecting bookcase, while a heavy carpet in one part of the room swelled with a slow undulation that made the rocking ground seem unsafe and the head dizzy. In a high corner a strong-minded spider, clutching his shrouds tightly, with double guys forward aft and all round, was afraid to loosen a muscle, at the same time feeling that, if a stay parted, himself and rigging must sweep into nothing. With all his holding, his stretching cables had a dangerous slack that swayed him up and down like a shaken blanket. But the airy sailor, safe perhaps because little, instead of giving hardihood by his example, seemed to meet in the larger animals a fear proportioned to their size.

There was something in the scene that favoured superstitious uses, to minds in prison as it were, and for too long a time listless and unoccupied. The old library seemed fit place to meet beings ghostly though learned, freed men who even in the flesh had more to do with the thin atmosphere of intellec-

tuals, than real worldly things, but now if existing at all undoubtedly cherubic or seraphic wanderers. And what more likely than that on a leaden day like this, already passing into the double shades of evening, in the high ragings of a storm when demons walk the earth unseen, these builders of fame should revisit their works!

Fitzgibbon, whose being was sensitive to airy impulses, and who to compensate the wants of his life was perhaps used to dally in the bounds of high mystery, found in his friend's words a signal for alarm. Trembling fingers with strong nervous grasp of a sudden held him by the loose skin of his shoulder, and shaking him once or twice sent the gallop to his heart. But he was soon aware that the Doctor stood over him, with parted jaws, and burglarious eyes that travelled slowly from one side to the other of a large window.

Hist, said Hartley, hist! and as Fitzgibbon turned he caught the glimpse of a stalking figure outside just as it ended the traverse and went out behind the window frame. It was the likeness of a man in slouched hat,

very short cloak and sword that hung crosswise the body, whose long legs had not made many strides to free the opening. The meaningless eyes fixed on a point far in the room as they entered on the stage, rolled on the same centre in leaving it. Thin hungry lips furrowed a pale face, whose look was solemn, indeed of the kind called long, though it showed good developments, but all now sunk in battered, drenched, and intellectual sorrow.

It is the author of Melancholy, whispered the Doctor in a guttural tone. Very likely, replied Fitzgibbon, but how do you know it? Portrait in the old folio, he continued. It—is—Be-Bu-Burton you may be sure. Look! and, as he again shook his friend, the figure reappeared on the side where last seen, and with the same measured stride passed out on the other.

At this moment an extraordinary noise, that out-topped the rumble of the storm, startled both Hartley and Fitzgibbon. Distant doors seemed emulating the sound of artillery, while mingled voices rode on the

air like the far-off hum of a popular commotion. It is the wind got into the house, spoke the Doctor. Or young cattle dancing a reel in the drawing-room, said Fitzgibbon. I have a suspicion—added Hartley, becoming unquiet in his seat. Preserve your equanimity, Doctor Hartley, said Fitzgibbon, whose precept was better than his example,—have nothing to do with suspicions at such a time as this.

At last an active body was plainly approaching through a corridor, projected with indifferent aim, for it swagged from side to side, striking one wall only to be reflected to the other, and seeming never to touch either without the noise of a crashing vase or falling furniture. Finally, it took the door about half the height of a man, with a sound more appalling than pleasant, and this obstacle yielding to the unusual force the head of Plotemy Philadelphus shot into the room, preventing by a yard or little less its attendant feet. Mass'r! it exclaimed in a voice shrill with excitement, the profligate calf has come! and without further words returned

on its steps, with not less speed but directer progress than before.

The Doctor fell into a chair and looked at his companion. Fitzgibbon's eyes and attitude showed him prepared for any event however anomalous, though unable to divine the nature of that just announced. But Hartley's rapid mind had detected the truth even across the disordered members of a parable. He saw how Phil had seized by the wrong end what was not in itself applicable; and though the latter had entered into no circumstances, these he was sure could be gathered at leisure, and at present he valued the principal fact more than its accessories, and felt nothing but gratitude towards the precipitate messenger, who had been the first to bring him news of the heir's return.

CHAPTER X.

WHETHER the happy event of his son's return had really, after a former disappointment, been foreshadowed in the singular manner hinted at by the Doctor, the chief witness is no longer here to explain, but it is certain that Henry's arrival after several years' absence was an occasion of rejoicing to every one in his father's house. And not the less so that it had included circumstances of danger, through which he had safely passed, though with some anxiety and alarm.

On the evening before, the ship had made the land shortly before sunset, but as the cap-

tain was uncertain of his position, and the wind though light was adverse, and because of a haze that settled on the water to seaward, he resolved to avoid too great nearness to a dangerous coast, until the weather should declare itself, or at least another day favour his approach. Accordingly he stood off with the intention of not losing more ground than prudence required. As the dusk fell, the wind that had come out of the west in light airs by degrees shifted to southerly points, the sea in the same time rose, and about midnight there was every sign of bad weather. Indeed, the day dawned late upon waves running mountain high and the blasts of a furious gale.

The vessel, small but deep for her burden, not over staunch and strong, and like most merchantmen at that period a dull sailer, tried after some time to lay-to; but in this sail after sail was blown away, the decks were swept, and with rising water in the hold, she was in great danger of foundering. While some worked with energy at the pumps, others with undistinguishing zeal threw overboard everything they could lay hands on, cargo, heavy anchors,

and stores, but particularly passengers' luggage, though the crew kept their chests to the last. At last she was got off the wind, and with a rag of canvas set headed for the land. Hardly had this change been worked in the aspect of her affairs, when the rudder was washed away, in a moment after the masts went by the board, and the vessel drifted helplessly at the mercy of the waves.

Happily for the safety of those on board, the captain's skill and courage rose with the danger. His first effort was to rig a short jury-mast and set a spare sail, which he succeeded in doing after clearing the wreck that cumbered him. His next to drop a small kedge astern and pay out as much cable as he could afford. These means served to keep the vessel out of the trough of the sea, but seemed only to exchange instant peril for a more certain and not very distant destruction. She was now driving towards the land, which though not yet seen would probably in a short time make its presence felt, and almost as certainly dash their hopes with a final catastrophe. The waters were overhung with an

ominous darkness that hid the nearest objects, and seemed to lie on the face of the deep, except when parted for a moment by flashing white lines that tore the blackness like a garment. The precious interval was used in getting canvas to the stumps of the after-masts, and rigging a spar which in smooth water might have answered perhaps the purpose of a rudder. These preparations were not yet completed, when through the flying scud the cliffs of the island showed dimly at intervals on the vessel's quarter; indeed, the change of a few points in her course and the lapse of not many minutes would have carried her fairly to port. The extemporized rudder was already in the water, the fore-sheet cast off, when in rounding-to the faithless substitute snapped like a pipe-stem, and at the same moment the after-sail blew into shreds.

The land was close aboard: on either quarter a high surf curled from the top of formidable cliffs, but straight ahead, though unseen by the despairing eyes on board, the shore was broken and a line of low breakers defended a narrow entrance. On this the fortunate vessel, guided

by some friendly hand quickly bounded, and took the ground with frightful force. Behind came rolling a huge wave, that raised her high in air only to dash her with fearful violence to the ground. Another followed with still worse effects on her shattered frame. But a third more gigantic than its fellows, though the wind helping a spring-flood heaped up the volumes of unusual size, lifted her higher and further than they, and left her in deep water on the further side of the reef, where a short passage led to a pigmy harbour, but land-locked and safe from further harm.

This escape, befallen so unexpectedly in the extremity of distress, affected all hearts with gratitude. Henry, whose thoughts had been of his father and sister and Fitzgibbon, felt as if they were again restored to him after an absence that had threatened to be final. He had a companion on board, though his elder in years, a Major Prescott, who preceding the troops that were shortly expected on this side, and preferring an uncrowded merchant-vessel to the discomforts of a transport, or even a king's ship that had troops assigned her, like

Hartley, had changed his first design in favour of the weakly barque that had just carried them within a hair's-breadth of destruction. The friends now exchanged congratulations with more pleasure, perhaps, that they had cheered each other in danger and shared exertions that had contributed to the common safety. Prescott held out his hand to the captain, and sought to express how much they all owed to his bravery through the struggle they had just passed. It is the third time, replied the seaman, that God has given me my life, when I had no hope but in Him.

The vessel stayed in a little basin deep enough to float a larger argosy, but still a very diminutive Euxine. Its waters, swept by the wild gale and regularly receiving a high-arched swell, were by no means calm, but to eyes that had lately looked on the racing mountains outside, seemed tame and harmless. It seemed scooped out of rock; its edges showed the hard rim wet by the waves, except where interrupted in one or two places by a little beach of sand. The shores were mostly low, though at one end terminating a gentle

slope from the seaward cliffs, the neighbouring land generally of the like character, though in places it swelled into roundish mounds. And over both were scattered large boulders and unevenly shaped masses of rock, while the soil held no other signs of vegetable life than stunted grass which hungry sheep might have fed on, and broad-leaved ferns that decked here and there the desolate scenery.

Under the lee of one of these rocky shelters a patriarchal ram, severed from his friends and fellow-citizens, seemed to have given up all intention of rejoining them until the storm was over. In the meanwhile he eyed the strangers on the inclined deck with disdain mingled with suspicion. Presently, with undisguised rage, for he stamped his foot and threatened with his natural weapons, though failing to forego a peaceful protection for the risks of active war. This inhospitable reception of men who had just been chased by deadly peril, and even now were drenched to the skin and cold and hungry, fired a sudden wrath in one of the sailors that almost moved Henry and Prescott to mirth. Angrily viewing the champion of

the soil, who returned his look with equal defiance, the mariner exclaimed, in a voice hoarse and loud enough to cleave the elemental confusion, Blast your woolly eyes! we'll get ashore in spite o' ye. But this figurative address having led to anything rather than soothing effects, indeed it plainly exasperated the hostile menaces, the son of Neptune resumed with intenser passion, Curse your double corkscrews! the island belongs to you I suppose, and the customs is paid in fly tar.

It was some time before Henry Hartley examined the neighbourhood with any degree of attention, but when he did so he recognized familiar features. At the further end of the haven the rock rose some thirty feet or more in a narrow wall-like mound, hollow within, and having an entrance that at ordinary times partly above and partly below the surface of the pool, was now more than covered by each oncoming of the wave. Against this the latter threw up a high-leaping spray, but at the same time seemed to fill the cavity, with a sound that the compressed air or reverberant sides made to rival loud thunder. Still the wonders of this

curious machinery are not all told, for on the highest top of the rock, through a hole not larger than a giant's hand, at every onset of the flood below, a slender column sprang into the air with a force and directness that hardly the gale could bend, though in falling its disunited particles vanished on the wings of the tempest.

Prescott, I know the place well, said Henry. We shall have several miles to walk through this pitiless wet before we reach a house; and I put it to you whether it is not better in our present remarkable undress to leave Newport on the left, and take the nearest way across country to my father's house. Anything, replied Prescott; you are at home—I am entirely in your hands.

There was nothing to be gathered up before starting. The ill-starred sea-house had been vexed by unceasing inlets below, and by numerous and more overwhelming assaults from above deck. The water in the hold threatened to rise to the cabin, and the liquid contents of the latter poured where they could into the hold. But this double-storied sea was

strewed with various things, resembling each other only in pitiful looks and a bobbing motion, though all were in a state that seemed to have passed the last token of human concern.

Still there was a problem that in any beneficial arrangement of things should have been first solved. They were yet at a notable distance from terra firma, and the boats that are most useful at the end of trouble, had been among the first to leave at the beginning of it. The traverse too could only be made in terror of a broad-backed traveller, coming from seaward at short but not always precisely constant intervals; and if, unhappily synchronizing with one of these, the passenger would likely, without exertion of his own, mount higher than he might wish, or afterwards be opposed to some hard obstacle with a force injurious to his bony or other structure.

In this conjuncture the captain proposed that one of the sailors should swim ashore with a rope, and a volunteer having offered, the measure was shortly accomplished. Though the venturer certainly aborded the land in an irregular manner, and whether by accident or

design, on the opposite margin to that where the displeasured patriot still stood, partly satisfied that he yet defended one side of his native territory. The man of marine expedients then lashed two cabin chairs back to back, and held out the promise that they who should seat themselves thereon with confronting faces, in a way to give each other mutual confidence and support, should be hauled ashore by the intelligent water-dog, with a celerity nicely adapted to an uncertain interval.

With a spirit that had outlived wet clothes, Henry and his companion, after curious reflection and some shadow of reluctance, placed themselves astride the dangerous hobbies, in exact balance, and clasped their arms with a view to preserve it, and watching a wave of unusual size, no sooner had this passed, than they gave the word and were quickly let down from the vessel's side. The rope that warped them to safety was pulled on with commendable vigour; already half the distance was won, but at this moment a tumbler, whose size outdid his excelling predecessor, approached with a speed that spoke great anxiety lest his pigmy

victims should escape. He was larger than could have been expected under the circumstances, and besides came at least half an interval too soon.

Give way, Jack, give way my man! shouted both the gentlemen at once, with an energy that painfully exhausted their hollow voices.

The person addressed certainly did give way and put such remarkable strength into his exertions, that the treacherous hawser parted with the strain. In an instant the frail irregular raft made its preparations to turn upside down. Hartley was the first to go over backwards, engulfing his head, but showing for a moment his legs staked on the hurrying hill top, as if beseeching mercy. But his friend had only the advantage of postponing a like performance, though plunging forwards instead of backwards, for what might seem an inappreciable and unimportant lapse of time. Both disappeared as if for ever, leaving the officer in command of the shore detachment a prey to emotions that seemed a curious compound of unreasonable wonder and inactive pity.

With staunch devotion to duty, however, he seemed to be trying to mark the spot, nearly in a line between himself and the vessel, where the educated wretches had disappeared, as if expecting them shortly to reappear with an attention to preciseness of locality more desirable than usual in such cases. He held this with an earnestness, that could have been little more devoted had the object been the captain's writing-desk, and he expecting to fish it out with a ray of light. He continued his faithful regards for a considerable time, and at the end of this his weather-grooved eyes still devoured the same unprofitable point, when at a part of the coast some two hundred yards to the right and out of the sphere of his observation, first one and then another limp and languid man came out on the riparian sand.

Hartley was the first to emerge, and doing so got on his knees, from his knees on his legs, though his hands still acted a pedicular part; and thus like some awkward quadruped stalked away to deposit himself on the wet herbage. But Prescott, with ears still deadened with subaqueous sounds and eyes blinded with salt

water, was less sensitive to the change of element, and continued to work his horizontal limbs as if still swimming in the fluid, when he was really scraping on the sand, with such vigour that he made good progress and shortly got near his comrade.

Both, however, for some time were affected with a singular respiratory difficulty which resembled a shortness of breathing, not more distressing than demanding the most active measures. Prescott rubbed his breast-bone sharply in order to make his lungs play, and Henry gulped with his mouth as if the swallowing of a large quantity of air was the single condition of longer existence. Their eyes were dead, their skin sodden and white, and if they could see each other, sight was probably the most perfect survivor of their faculties.

Are you hurt? at last asked Henry from the ground. Wretchedly rubbed, answered the Major, but I have saved my beauty I believe. I have not been accustomed to diving, and I find I stayed under too long, but I shall soon recover. Henry was gratified at this avowal; for though distressed himself he had rashly

determined that Prescott was the more exhausted of the two.

And how is it with you, Hartley? My knees are rather shaky, replied Henry, and I have a cut or two, but I shant mind it when I get up.

Happily, after mutual examination, it appeared that though both were much bruised, and both probably had swallowed an unusual draught of sea water, neither had received important lesion. Prescott having tried his legs said that he could walk, and a little rest found Henry able and willing to begin the journey. This they shortly did under circumstances very discouraging. If not directly facing the storm, they were obliged to take it on a slant, still leaving their weather bulwarks dreadfully pelted by the elements, and this forced them to refuse their left shoulders, which made their progression awkward and rather slow.

I wonder if the ship—said Major Proscott. Oh, dont name her, interposed Henry; I never want to hear of or see her again, in any manner or way under any circumstances whatever. I have no great affection for her myself, replied the Major, and could I only get my mother's

picture out, if it still be there, would be content to part company for ever. I meant to ask whether she is likely to be there when we come back.

I never mean to come back, said Henry, still it is certain—six days, six months, six years, she will never get out. But your servant will get all he can. Poor Byerley, continued Prescott, he cant swim, he cant pull a rope, he cant do without sleep, cant eat salt pork, cant bear wet—will he ever get ashore? If not, he may live there rent free, replied Henry.

What can that fellow that broke the rope be looking at so steadily? again inquired Prescott. I cannot imagine, replied Henry, something in the water plainly, but he looks as if he would never move again.

As he spoke he saw the poor sailor fixed in a position that excited increasing wonder the more he examined it. He was standing as he had been for the last twenty minutes upon what seemed most firm though widely parted foundations, the plain of his broad back reflecting the merciless wind at a very obtuse

angle, his arms like slung spars hanging well forward, while his looks were intently fastened on a point at one time twenty feet under water and then just level with its surface.

To deepen the mystery the captain was shouting to him from the chains some orders unintelligible to Henry, and which owing to the difficulty of speaking up the wind or other cause produced no sign in the dull subordinate. But what now seemed so inexplicable, was afterwards made plain. The old mariner after long years of exposure and hardship, hiding beneath a rugged exterior internal derangement, had died at his post like a starving hen on her nest, never yielding to weakness but gradually sinking into rigidity. He had stiffened out of life at the moment his useful exertions ceased, leaving his body in the very attitude of duty, as indeed this had been the latest object of his maritime soul.

Their walk, painful enough, and not less lugubrious than long, in one respect answered their wishes; for in the weary distance of six or seven miles they met not a single human creature, nor orgasm of any kind, even the

houses they passed were apparently shut up and tenantless. All life seemed to have hid itself; indeed nothing but their former excited experience could have tuned themselves to the pitch of braving the mercies of such a day. At last Hartley thought he saw well-known features in close neighbourhood to Whitehall, and this inspired the lagging efforts of both with fresh spirit. Hurrying on and indeed leaving his companion some distance behind, Henry came to a tall button-wood, which he recognised as one familiar to his boyhood, and though not having sight of, that ought to be very near the gate. He forthwith sheltered himself under it, and even sat down on its wet thigh; but the scaly bole affected him so strongly that he gave way to tears.

Is it strange, thought he, that I should have these feelings? Why if I may not be said to have been born under these buttons, here certainly I was brought up, and I am sure if I had come here with my eyes shut, I should feel the old tree in the air. But the genuineness of the arboreal influence was soon more than doubtful, indeed further progress con-

vinced him that among several button-woods he had antedated the affecting one by more than half a mile.

As the announcement that they were getting near their goal reached Prescott, he had purposely fallen to the rear, being decidedly of opinion that it was his part to keep out of view while Henry went through the first passages of joy and affection with his family. He lingered a good deal to observe the beauty of the landscape, and once or twice to give his face a holiday of emptying cullenders, or to put a drag on his progress, walked backwards. For a considerable space he rested his chin on a fence rail, admiring some fine views with curious water effects. In preparing for his fatal navigation he had triced up the end of his swordboom, as he thought his legs might shortly come into action, and fastened over his shoulders what the military tailors called a toga, a blunt little drapery, which though intended to defend the weather, could now only cover thoroughly wet garments, but he must either wear it or lose it. These he had retained through all his subsequent ill-treatment.

As the battlements began to show, he again much to his surprise caught sight of Henry, and it was plain that he must have been a loiterer like himself. As Henry turned towards the front however, Prescott diverged at a composed pace along a side of the house which in the end brought him before the windows of the library. His thoughts were turning over the great advantages of being housed, fed perhaps, warmed, and he even hoped the aid of a mercer and milliner might in a day or two bring the delight of dry clothes. Though his eyes turned on a window as he passed, he had seen nothing but the streaming panes, and having ventured far enough as he thought in one direction upon strange premises, he retraced his steps, but on both occasions his unforewarned apparition had as already seen greatly alarmed two idle gentlemen inside.

CHAPTER XI.

HENRY'S joy at finding himself at home was only equalled by his father's delight at seeing him. The Doctor measured him without his shoes, took the breadth of his shoulders, examined his fingers, looked at his teeth, saw to his hair oil, and insisted on exhibiting with his own hand a black draught to clear off the recollections and malarious effects of wet and cold. Not content with this bodily reconnaissance he penetrated also for several days into his mental stretch and acquirements, and happily with satisfaction.

Henry had passed his first greetings in the

parlour when he felt desire to exchange speech with the servants, and these were equally ready to have their word with the young mass'r. Accordingly he met them in the hall. The interview was not less mirthful than affectionate. The old accosted him with tears, the young with smiles, but all with much questioning and commiseration, as well as droll admiration of his growth and graces, though these showed but badly in his present state; for friendship and freedom grow up under command that is born of race and colour more than in the cold shade of mercenary service.

Henry, like all perhaps who have been brought up with these cheerful retainers, could but ill dispense with a certain resplendent style of attendance, for this mingled with all his recollections of home and boyhood. The formal inexpugnable air of English serviles had lately chilled him. The portly red-nosed butler solemn and skilful, the decorous housemaid, whose duty among other things looked to sweep the lawn outside, to dust the rose bushes, and in wet weather scrub the Portuguese laurels, might be more exact than the Planta-

tion rough and tumbles, whose curly pates held more love of fun than sense of propriety or order. But they missed what the young colonial valued more, and which the more he tarried in the cold land, the more he longed for.

He had at one time paid a visit by invitation at Lord Clive's in the country, and on the very first day deserted a bevy of youthful dames in the drawing-room, for the pursuit of a coloured page not out of his teens and a gamboge nurse-maid, whom his nostalgic vision had detected one after the other with not more surprise than delight in the modest establishment. A few blinks and smiles opened for him the hearts of these ready naturals, and the bond of mutual sympathy once uncovered, the delight was mutual too. But the meandering company and passing white servants disappointed all attempts at a free interview, and Henry was obliged to give a rendezvous for the first beech-tree out of sight of the park gates. The fairest English damsel was no more to him than a daughter of Saturn to a bachelor in the moon, but the rich complexion, the hot tropical liquids of these eloquent fellow-

citizens brought the young man's home to the sward under the beech-tree and warmed him like the sun of his native land.

They had grown up under the same sun, but not in the same country. Still they conversed with the pleasure that three earthly souls might share on finding themselves together in another planet, until an alarming apparition put to flight at once their joy and composure. As well as the page who scampered off under a purely selfish impulse. And also the maid, who turned her back more slowly but not less surely, leaving Henry to see sailing down directly for the trysting-place, with unruffled plumage and a steady wind of majesty, the awful mistress of these seas.

Her ladyship, who was a large woman as well as a good one, on a hint from others or her own observation, had resolved to follow up and try to decipher an idiosyncrasy not more unusual than objectionable. Knowing every tree in her park, and even the rooks that lived in them, she soon found the one that answered her expectation. With a patrician smile and no surprise or gêne in her manner, having let

the smaller vessels escape, she beckoned from a distance the gentleman to her side.

Poor Henry, with a red face and felony rising in his throat, obeyed the command in order to stammer out: My excuses are not of the best, but when I assure your ladyship it is five years since I have seen a yellow face, she will I hope appreciate the force of my feelings and equally pardon them. The kind president of the house seemed first amused and then interested, but found the force of his feelings more apparent than their nature. A moment's reflection, however, and she was intelligent enough to admit an apology that rested on psychological principles, and cheerfully absolved the offender, with liberty to prolong his affecting partialities though it might be with disadvantage to her entertaining circle.

Prescott had been obliged to be shown directly to his room before being introduced to the family, where he even kept his bed for several days, being somewhat in the condition of Epaminondas, who refused an invitation to dinner because his shirt would be washing that day. He found another argument for illness

in the appearance of Henry, who came to his bedside completely made up from a clerical wardrobe, with legs of the blackest, a coat of the longest and loosest, and frills that were not small for the owner, but much too large for his son.

Prescott requested him to turn round and then to walk across the room, and as he did so, the Major immediately put his head under the bed-clothes. The example was so little inviting, that he decided off-hand to resist to the latest point of time the offers made in his own case. In the meanwhile his orders to the town tradesmen were so well obeyed, that before he was quite restored in point of health he was much resuscitated in dress, and found himself with clothes of his own which he had never seen before.

The advent of Henry and his friend did not bring advantage to the delicate affair of Church, and certainly for some time presented absorbing considerations that seemed to put everything else out of mind. Though away from the island, Church was not far off, and was soon aware of the important arrival. He continued to be informed of all that happened at

Whitehall, of a kind to interest him. A bird in the air brought him a gauge of the danger that threatened him; or if not, Nannie Dawson herself, never seen by the Hartley family, but still alive to most that passed within it, probably by aid of the vicarious eyes of the talkative black train, carried him reports at intervals.

Amid the anxieties of study and awkward practice, and the confusion of badly armed men, Church's thoughts were constantly turning to this neighbourhood, and the course of public disorder, though certainly interesting, held his attention less than the run of private history. He had no idea of being a nisi prius lover, dependent on the non-advent of another, and at times his pride rose in a very upright manner. But it was soothed again by a hope or expectation, that seemed unwilling to die, and which he could not bring himself to kill, that before the judge came into the county, the case would be settled in his own favour.

It was not long, however, before it became but too plain that Prescott was rising into the proportions of an enormous bugbear. At any

rate he seemed to be fast putting on the character of a noxious animal, which it would be a serviceable act in some thick-souled bumpkin to destroy. He had recovered from his ills with provoking alacrity, his wounds, which if not deep were very long, had healed with the first intention, and even the prostration of fatigue and exposure, instead of running into a typhoid as might have been hoped, had yielded to the vigour of a constitution not without resources. Wheeler, the first man's mercer in Newport, had replaced a succession of coats that had been made an exhausted dynasty by the perils of the seas. The usual effects of a sea voyage, after a little time, lent extraordinary health and freshness to his looks. Withal his spirits reposed agreeably on the advantage of having so lately been drowned and recovering from it, of finding himself settled in a commodious house, in a beautiful paysage, in a charming family, with new faces that seemed to belong to old friends, with nothing to do professionally for some time to come.

All this could not but make his appearance

strikingly humane, and when after some days he came down to the drawing-room, there was a growing sentiment in the company that it would have been a great pity had such a man become food for fishes. That you should have taken him for the author of melancholy! whispered Fitzgibbon sarcastically to the Doctor, pretty author of melancholy to be sure! The first time I saw the moon, returned Hartley, I took it for a green cheese—first impressions are always deceptive.

The Major might have justified the fears of one less disposed to seek for danger than Church. He was not too old to be agreeable nor too young to be judicious. Nature had given him advantages which she does not universally dispense, and these had been improved by the best sort of education only found perhaps in old and well-appointed families. He had been long practised in society, which in addition to other talents had brought him a readiness which is the greatest of any, and as is the customary result of polished life, his manners at first just and genial had been trained to a self-forgetfulness even more than they

naturally owned. At ease and at home with the conventionalisms of the old country, he was fitted to enjoy the freshness of a new, even to choose the simple and direct before what is less natural and more complex.

In Miss Hartley he saw a grace and beauty which he felt it no injustice to think not common in his own land, and upon sifting his puellary recollections doubted whether he had ever seen the like. Her mind grown in the shade and informed by love rather than by rule, seemed to present better results than those that at first taught how learning is a task have found it so ever afterwards, or forced in the glare and heat of day, been deformed rather than expanded. Her character he could not judge of at so short acquaintance, but it certainly had the property of attracting, and in his case of producing light-hearted pleasure, followed by an interval of seriousness in which the Major passed in review most of the events of his past life and the possible occurrences of his future. He had not given much attention to the study of old men, but the head of the house now seemed the loveliest specimen he

had hitherto met with of a necessary if not useful class, and his second man a most lively sample of free breeding. Even the domestic service was more ready and kind than he had ever known, owning a warmth that brought the sun into his room, at least into his heart, every time the door opened. With these surroundings he felt his present abode sufficing; and when, after the re-establishment of his forces, he aired the design of moving to the Generous Indian, and was pressed to forego that intention, he found the savages he was with too unexceptionable that there should be any immediate need of seeking shelter with another.

The pleasure, however, was not all on the Major's side. Fitzgibbon admired in him proofs of acquaintance with the classics, and was sure that if not able to read Greek, he could understand it, which cannot be predicated of most Hellenists. Fitzgibbon had knocked the ashes out of his pipe later at night than he otherwise would, to hear the Major, after the general company had retired and the two fancy-fed old men had carried him off to the study, having sent Henry to bed as too young to join

them, discuss several topics of the past with depth and freshness.

Fitzgibbon had just read the Universal Ancient History in thirty-nine quarto volumes, being one of a parcel of new books lately arrived from Millar the London bookseller, who had a standing order for light literature and fresh things; and though the Major had not yet seen the work he certainly had some knowledge of its contents, for following the lead of others he expatiated on several of its facts in a large ingenious manner. He painted vividly the immense populations that formerly darkened the northern shores of Africa, the state of the arts of which we have few fragments and insufficient notions, the navigation and commerce of the ancients, which if the sea could retain its furrows or give up the bones of ancient fabrics on its floor, would he thought surpass the boast of modern times.

Who, asked the Major, with a modest tone that charmed his hearers, shall doubt their engineering skill that looks on the viaduct of Nismes, who dispute their manufacturing knowledge amid the mountains of iron slag

round the Roman furnaces in Wales and the Forest of Dean, who deny the size of their keels when thirty of these carried 40,000 soldiers of Seleucus, with stores and accoutrements from Rhodes to Joppa?—and the single block obelisk that now stands in the Lateran is the same that an ancient Rameses reared on the sands of Alexandria.

To take their knowledge of navigation, he continued, still as if more willing to listen than to talk, from the verses of Horace, were as wise as to see their naval architecture depicted on the coins of Octavius. No, let us not forget that from the Hellespont to the Pillars of Hercules was as long or longer than the voyage from Ireland to the Plantations. And if we believe the poet when he says that they always threaded the coasts and avoided the open sea, they did what every sailor will tell us required much better seamanship to escape much greater perils, an opinion my present own nervous recollections strikingly confirm. We see of the past, he added, not as much as an observer of a landscape, who looks through a paper pierced with a few pin-holes. But

reason hath her eyes as well as sense, and these show us more than enough to prove that the material powers of the old civilization, perhaps its spiritual, were by no means less, but peradventure greater than the present.

The Major's new companions were greatly enraptured by these views, and found their esteem for him rising to an extraordinary degree. At last when he had retired from the room for the night, and the others were shortly to follow, the Doctor and Fitzgibbon as if with one mind suddenly turned on each other, and bobbing their chamber lights happily without flying the tallow, exclaimed in a breath, He is clearly with us on the great subject, what a delightful fellow!

Fitzgibbon looking round to see that the guest was surely out of sight, was obliged to make another remark: I say, reverend Hartley, would it not be a good thing if Mary would decline so and so, and take up so and so? Hish, said the Doctor, arn't you ashamed of yourself! No, I am convinced it is better to have a son-in-law born and brought up in the country where he is to live, than one who

however agreeable would never fit its peculiarities. Ah, please yourself, replied Fitzgibbon; but fitting peculiarities is all nonsense, and if I am to be consulted, I should say Prescott.

Though the Major could soothe the admirers of famous antiquity, he knew also to make himself acceptable to those who probably cared less for what is very old. To Miss Hartley he appeared in the light of a most agreeable self-forgetting person, of manners more perfectly to her taste than she had ever known, of various knowledge, and rare good sense that invariably helped the self-esteem of those he conversed with, but wonderfully concealed his own. Humble though intelligent, he never led conversation but always supplied it, and as she observed, never severing himself from others to parley by her side he pleased her by pleasing all. Above all, he was loyal in politics, while another, alas! had given too plain indications of his leaning to a side she could never approve. These comparisons after some time there is reason to fear went further, and Madam Folsom's words about 'rural gentlemen' came to have a force that had not

before shone in them. In short, all the signs presaged ill to our friend of the rifle-shot and bucktail. Even the servants caught the alarm, for what stirs in the parlour always moves its shadow in the kitchen.

What is a doin, said Dinah cook, as she sat with a large quantity of peas in her ample lap and still went on shelling, a'tween Mass'r Prescott an young missus? Do tell me, Ptolemy, for I is wery oneasy about Mass'r Church; he is a perfectin his country and cant be here to persecute his rights, but if that young man is dishovelled it will be frightful.

Hem, said Ptolemy with a look of grief, Mass'r Church is a man, and must bear the wicissitudes o' the sex. I is heard that vimen has no souls, a statement that remarkably occurs with my own limited experience; an I must think, in view o' the contingencies we is taught to believe in, that ar is a wery fortunate feature in their animal constitootion.

Prescott used the days for becoming a favourite, and not many were required to make the work equally profitable to himself and pleasant to others. It was some time be-

fore it was known that he had a tuneful voice and used it with knowledge, and still longer ere it became plain that he was master of the flute and by no means an imbecile with stringed instruments. For these Miss Hartley herself had a fondness, and also for vocal exercise, and if not perfect in acquirement, taste and feeling with her supplied the best part of skill.

The elders too were not wanting on the same side, at least the Doctor played on a big wind apparatus being out of humour, and sang eclesiastical poetry when he was very much vexed, and Fitzgibbon did the same through friendship without reference to his own feelings. Hartley had even been known on solemn occasions to lead down an old viol from the garret, and getting astride as if on a rearing horse, draw out very chromatic flats. If the councillors were musical, the doorkeepers were doubly so by nature and imitation, though their harmony that was unbearable in the ante-room diminished in proportion to the remoteness of the service, until it dwindled into the discords of stable-boys, and went out with the field hands.

Prescott and Miss Hartley thus accoutred and in a friendly atmosphere, when no visits or out-door excursions were on hand, or no book particularly the subject of talk within, often spent moments at the harpsichord, or in singing in one part or two, but their choice seemed never to admit of one additional performer. The Major, however, held the balance so even between ditties and dialectics, that his talents seemed to be equally at the will of all, and no friend had room to be jealous of another; at least the Doctor and Fitzgibbon saw no reason for complaint and no check to admiration, for they found their passion growing when the more sober-minded Miss Hartley was yet divided by a space from dangerous thoughts.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was a person at Newport at this time who advertised evening lectures on Natural Philosophy. Madam Folsom and Madam Gibbs, with other fashionables, patronized him, and had taken pains to give his entertainment vogue. Physics in the Plantations were rated below the old trivium of grammar, ethics, and geometrics, and not being included in any college course were considered a subject at large. The science it need not be said was rather raw, and its treatment empirical, for Rittenhouse had remarked the reason why rump-steaks are tender when upright griddles

were yet undiscovered, and Count Rumford attached the cradles of the peasantry to the smoke-jack before he could make iron. The field of inductive observation had always enough to interest the higher class of minds, and even at this early day had attached a good deal of the floating genius of the country.

In the present case it was a phtisical tailor, suffering from long credit, who for a *pis aller* had taken up a scientific tour, and already visited many places, whom Doctor Hartley and his family, by way of a row, as Fitzgibbon said, or to show their visitor something of Newport life, proposed to come into town to hear. He had been spoken of highly, and certainly appeared more of a philosopher than tailor, if clothes were any sign. He was reported by his admirers to be a person of most gentlemanly address and striking ingenuity, and though common people called him a swindling juggler, it was because they confused physical science with the art of legerdemain.

He held his course in the old Market-house,

which stood on arcaded walls near the lower end of the parade, and though always a Market-house below, was of very unsteady character in the upper storey. A long floor in this, through the effect of time or original construction, was sensibly lower at the east than towards the west, so that a water melon liberated at one end would waddle of itself to the other. It had sometimes been used for dramatic representations, but the Episcopalian party in the town becoming weaker, these had been abandoned. It had often seen the assembled villeins in the feudal times take counsel together against the oppression of the rich, for during several generations the redemptioners held to service had been many and the urban class quarrels quite historical. It had also listened to the roving ministry of independent polemics, and later it was frequently filled by patriots who objurgated an external enemy. It was said no spider would come near the ceiling, the beams being of some odorous wood, the whole room indeed was somewhat odorous, which was so much the worse for the spider, for an immense quantity of excellent flies,

that fed on the country meats and small fruits below, evidently slept in the upper chamber.

As the Hartley coach drove up to the entrance, there was a crowd of those unfortunates, or rather happy persons, who not having large revenues, find their enjoyment in seeing others enjoy. As the Doctor and followers bowed themselves into the upper hall, it was found about two-thirds full of the best people of Newport, and also many of the useful trades, and low-born women who in all countries crowd where fashion leads, though having no part in her train. The room was fitted up on the simple system that gives more importance to mind than to matter. The parallel boards that stood for benches were principally laid on sugar-boxes, and others of these as well as empty tea-chests, and a small number of chairs answered for reserved seats. At the upper end a slender hogshead, carelessly stopped, served the lecturer for back support, sometimes perhaps to lean on, and on either hand a table, in addition to philosophical instruments held his written notes and lights. These were not the only source of illumination,

for more than a dozen rich tallows, in as many potatoes, were affixed at different degrees of inclination against the sides of the room all the way down.

The expounder of nature having unknown to himself pulled out his shirt collar instead of simply pulling it up, addressed himself to his task. Ladies and Gentlemen, said he, having being misled in business, I turned my attention to natur. I was allers when a boy a makin curous remarks. When I was skarsely eight years full, they attributed to I the way o' finein out the age o' tall wegetables in countin their intarnal rings, an also diskiverin how ole gals were by respectin their wrinkles. Howsomeever its a fack I was the only one could diskiver why mother Hall allers held up the right side o' her gown—it was because her pusse pocket was thar.

In fack I was edjucated for the ministry, the wery bess edjucation Ameriky could afford. Was allers treated gentle because that is the way to make a boy refined, an was never allowed to be licked for fear of disturbin my head jelly. But as religion was runnin low

in East Greenwich, I was advised to jine a mercanteel house, which I proportionably did, an gainin the confidence of my employers finally failed them, an then hung out on my own hook and consequentially failed myself.

Well I must say this is a genooine company, consistin o' the fust people o' Newport, an Newport is the fust city in the world for clean streets an gineral intelligence. Give me license to surprise you then that I have got a great stock o' untried experiments, an unknown apparatus, made by the great Macalester o' Philadephia, at enormons expense after imported specimens. For pattern thar is an air-pump an a mouse—the mouse war'nt made by Macalester, I beguiled him in this town, out o' respeck to you my patrons, with a bit o' cheese myself. An thar is a blow-pipe used in minin, an a hysterical machine, formerly called helectricall, but the modern name is hystericall and much more explanatory, an sulphuric acid that will burn a grasshopper cunnin. I 'll show you how, an alka—lies in bottles and litmus paper.

Before the catalogue was through, an acci-

dent that might have happened to almost anybody, actually occurred to Mrs. Chennells, the butcher's wife. And never did the inconvenience of superfluous meat diet become more apparent, for her seat having given in, the unfortunate woman, with knees pressing her chin, was wedged so tightly that no power of her own could move her. Soon, however, some strong active gentlemen pulled her out of her difficulty, and as she had lost confidence in sugar-boxes, she was handed, in consideration of her *faux pas*, to one of the few chairs in the room, near the orator, and sat down on his notes, which in the confusion and alarm caused by herself he had unthinkingly laid there, though the fact was not discovered until the close of the entertainment.

I was goin to remark, he resumed, when the lady settled into the sugar-box, what is natur—I understan her name is Chuddles, a highly respectable lady in this town. Its very remarkable, but natur sometimes is 'nt natur. For sample, thar's Hannah Dowse's baby that talked French when it was gittin born, an they dew say that Mrs. Perkins laid

thirteen eggs, but I dont design to go to jail for that. Any rate, thar's the centaurs, half man an half beast, though the race is'nt existin any more, because in these days we are all beasts.

Now folks talk about natur, but its a fack I never seen a man, woman, or yearlin could tell what natur is. Some say its the stars, some say its mountains an rivers, and then agin its hydrogen gas, and I feel wery ornory I cant tell you myself for I have lost my notes. If any o'the company has found them, I hope they will restore them honourable, for otherways I shall have to speak out of my head, which is a mean thing for a man that's been used to notes. They were here jest before the lady fell into the sweetnin, an what on airth has gone with them I cant tell.

They were not produced, however, and he was obliged to proceed to the mouse and air pump without them. He will breathe very hard, said he, an look beseechin, an then he'll fall over and raise his head as if he was dyin, an fack is two strokes more will terminate his immoral career.

As he pumped, however, having first greased the pinion with his finger from a candle, all these symptoms were belied by a persevering liveliness on the part of the small rodent, and the harder the operator worked the more comfortable the victim seemed. His lungs is very big, said he, fack is some insects has an additional lung, an o' course they exhaust hard, but I must say this here Newport mouse is a power too cute for me. Here there was a patriotic round of applause for the invincible native.

Any rate, he continued, as the mouse wont ack, I'll go into hystericks, an you'll all please jine hands, jest as you lay in parallel bars, an the young gal at the eend will lay hole o' this apple jar—but it is'nt a apple jar, or I should'nt trust her—an I guess I'll shock you. Any rate, I reckon you'll feel somethin surprisin.

All fixed, said he, then I'll turn the wheel and having done so with energy for some moments, he looked up with an air that seemed to miss a result. Some of the company had felt rather pleasant sensations,

according to situation, but there was nothing that could be called a shock. I expeck there war'nt, said he, an I knowed that before I begun. Why your feet are all conductors, an the hystericks passes into the airth. But that's the way I teach, an you'll please to remember that if you want to be jolted you must all stan in glass dishes, but I dont expeck you'll fine me a gittin glass dishes for sich a considerable company.

After time spent in further experiments quite as successful, he said he would conclude with an account of existin philosophers. But before he had begun it even himself and audience were appalled by an incontinent scream from a young woman seated under the wall at the platform end of the room. Her piercing cries of ketch my back! ketch my back! take the sting out o' my back I tell ye! were not more fearful than the writhing of her limbs and body, which might be construed into an endeavour to get her hands down her back, or rub it against some obstacle. Her frightened neighbours tried to soothe her, but with efforts equally ignorant

and vain. Some persons cried out that it was Mehitable Heavens, but what was the matter with her no one could tell.

At last her anguish seemed subsiding into anger, and the public compassion, that always flows for the one and generally finds amusement in the other, was proportionably relieved. Lor, what a smart!—its a tarnal shame, she said, still jumping on and off a bench, to spot a gal in that way. I wish I'd minded mother I do, and not come to hear the old fool with his cussed dips, burn him! I wish he had the grease runnin down the neck o' his frock, I do, right pious!

Here the general mirth could no longer contain itself, but the sufferer passionately demanding a question that hardly needed reply, What are ye laffin at? cleared for herself a fierce diagonal across the full benches, treading Prescott's sword into a reaping hook in her way, and rushed through the door. The ruffled company shortly composed themselves, and the absent cause of the disturbance was maligned by some and pitied by others. Heavens, indeed, was one whom

a low birth had introduced into a correspondingly humble station in society. To the florid vigour of twenty years of age she joined the retiring qualities of her race and country. But she was convinced that the personal gifts she had received from Nature, particularly an apricot complexion and blowsy figure, more than compensated the defects of conventional *status*, and it had often occurred to her that could she only control her temper, she might easily rise to the highest offices in the State.

I was goin to remark, continued the man of science, when the suet dropped into the beautiful gal's neck, that Lord Byle in England—I understan her name is Evens, a purely virtuous gal in this town—is an almighty philosopher, I guess. Neyther must I obliviate Mr. Black of Edinbug, a town in Yorkshire. He's examined gases—curous things they are, for everybody feels their effects, but no one never seen them. Howsomever Ameriky can shake 'em all in a tea-cup I guess; but if you want to fine a genooine article you must diskiver if his name begins with B — my

name is Boggs, formerly Boggs, Thompson and Co.

The conclusion before promised shortly arrived, not sooner than wished for by some present, and the audience began to break up. As Prescott followed his friends out of the room, a young man in whose looks the comeliness of youth seemed strangely matched with cunning and dishonest selfishness, pulled him by the coat to say: Name is Prescott, I believe. She has injured your property, but Heavens hadn't ought to conduct in that way in a public meetin, the law wont justify it, even if it was provokin. I have got a license from the Supreme Court and all the city courts, real respectable man, if you'd like to sue her, right good practice too. Her father is substantial, owns the shop he works in, here's my office.

The Major's first feeling was surprise, and then as the character of his assailant gradually opened, fiery indignation against the familiar native and precocious attorney, but reflecting that in a country not his own, both should be restrained, he simply thanked him and passed on.

The company was dispersing over the boards and between the grocers' empties as fast as it conveniently could, when every one paused and turned to see the lecturer, who crazy or joyful was capricolling surprisingly at his own end of the hall, exclaiming: I've found them! I've found them! It's a most remarkable thing, but Chuddles was settin on 'em all the while! They are quite warm yet, an if she'd sot them to judgment come I'd never a knowed it. Warnt that a miracle, I guess you'll say it was. His pleasure was so great or his steps so wide, that he kicked away the blockings, and the wine pipe left to itself came down with a swagging life-like motion which very much helped the clearing of the room.

The party from Whitehall got into their coach, full of reflections on what they had heard and seen. These by degrees cropped out into discussion of the measure of pain occasioned by hot tallow on the skin of an intelligent animal, and also whether Heavens ought not to have borne with the situation rather than disturb the company, and contrast of her bearing with the quietness of Chennells

also under difficulty, though the latter's eloquence had really been estopped by the position of her knees. The case was relieved by a doubtful theory from Fitzgibbon, that fat people never cared for anything, never felt anything, which, however, seemed fortified by the fact observed by more than one that they were always cheerful. Praise, too, was given to the mouse, who had foiled his torturer by persevering hardihood of mind, it was thought, rather than capacity to live without breathing, or breathe without air.

While the debates were going on in his interior, Pharaoh the king, with Ptolemy of Alexandria beside him, trundled them slowly but safely, though the night was a perfectly dark one, over the familiar difficulties of the old north road. But the singular events of the evening were not yet exhausted. At least one experiment in natural philosophy remained, for on approaching the end of their journey, after Pharaoh Jakes had sounded his last bar on the tin horn that signalled the people to have the gate open, and just as they were turning into the avenue, either in consequence of one

side of the road having geologically sunk, or the off-wheels got off the previously existing bank, the line of gravity left the perpendicular, and the truth of a scientific principle was illustrated by the slow overturn of the coach down a decline of several feet.

The situation was embarrassing, for the darkness was extreme, and the conception of those inside as to what had happened not very clear. Fitzgibbon took hold of what he thought to be the Doctor's hand, but it proved to be a horse's foot. The alarm soon given. numbers of black link-boys appeared with burning pine-knots, and it was then discovered that no one was seriously hurt, the well-trained and rather fat quadrupeds having in confirmation of Fitzgibbon's views, after the first reversal, lain perfectly still. Even the sumptuary damage amounted to little more than broken glasses and scratched panels, which would probably occasion more regret to the Doctor's coach-maker than any one else.

CHAPTER XIII.

On a July afternoon, in those hot hours when wharf rats run about with almost the security of night, and the advantage of perfect illumination, a fisherman, with a *role d'equipage* that included an indifferent boy only, returned to Newport harbour. He had been crabbing in the ponds of Long Island, and as he clambered up the wharf timbers with his painter, he communicated a fact which impressed two or three intelligent idlers with surpassing astonishment. One of these, thinking that the news if true would be worth a glass of grog at any house in the town, and if not true was likely to have

a larger reward, instantly ran off to make the most of his acquisition. But the same thing at the same time struck his companions, and was followed by a like result, and in consequence the fisherman was left to converse with his boy only, which, as every one who has talked with a boy will imagine, did not promise a very rich happiness, and besides they had travelled over each other's minds thoroughly for one or two days past without meeting much that was striking in the tour.

It was not long, however, before questioners of various degrees of respectability came to seek for confirmation at the original source. A runner from the Mayor's office and presently the Mayor himself, as well as committees from several of the charitable and maritime guilds in the town, all strolled down to the end of the pier, so that the fisherman soon found himself the chief person of a considerable circle. The news he had brought was simply this, that on the home-voyage, with light airs and a head-wind, he had seen far in the southerly points what looked like vessels, but if not, then freckled clouds of sunset, and if not clouds,

surely a fleet, and *pari passu*, the British Admiral with troops on board.

The account seemed likely since it turned on what had been expected for some time, but still many refused it credit as being a fish story, or because unlikely, and some for the worse reason that it was impossible. But a few lazy pilots who happened to be on shore, and had not got very deep in their drinking, acted as if they had faith, for they right away went aboard, got their stores in with all speed, and were soon running free past the Tail light. And it was not many hours before all of their craft from Watch-hill to Gay-head, had put to sea with pleasant anticipations of a considerable windfall.

The next morning the sun rose at an early hour on a cloudless sky, and hardly had his first ray shot against the cock of Trinity, when some of the outposts stationed on roof-peaks and chimney-tops, proclaimed a visual proof that what had been truly foretold was now arriving. The company at Whitfield's were not of these sentinels, having at present no regard for sea-views and a particular dislike to

look at this one. But others in the town had a different taste. Many persons who had sat up all night to have the earliest observation were now asleep, but there were a good many early risers, and soon after the town crier had stopped at one or two corners, blowing through a large horn that the fleet was coming, the streets or several of them were stirring with people. Some looked with envy on tall houses to which they had no right of entry, but most repaired to the wharves, and assailing the biggest ships, unmindful of the cries of the watch and even the ship's husband, carried the chains, studded the shrouds, and lay out on the upper spars, or held on tightly by backstays, lifts, or whatever else offered: which was quite necessary, as there seemed a constant disposition on deck to hale braces, to lower slings, and in one instance a savage mate preferred to cock-bill his yards from fore to mizen.

As the day declared itself, however, the objects thus sought for by many became obvious to all. There was no longer room to deny that what looked like birds of mighty

plumage on the plain was really a large fleet, and by all the signs that can explain intentions resident in distant bodies, they were sailing on a wind to make Newport. In a short time the van leader that just before had reflected a dazzling white light, showed the opposite extreme of blackness, and in quick succession the shadow passed to every other in the line. The expert with one orbit closed and a long tube stuck in the other, who had detected this fact, raised himself very much in the popular esteem for soundness of mind; but before it had passed completely round, even old women could see, as they said, with their naked organs, that pressed by a land-breeze, the strangers were beating up for Narragansett.

It was some time before they came much nearer, for when the land-breeze fell off, it left a dead calm, but two or three hours before mid-day the wind came in fresh from the ocean and with it came the fleet under a crowd of sail. A frigate led, followed by seventy-fours and other frigates, as well as a couple of light brigs, and when so near that this distinction of rates could be seen, the flag of England sud-

denly floated from every stern-gaff, including a first-rate about the middle of the line, that already flew a Blue Peter at the mast-head. Shortly after, the broad-spreading pinions were clipped, top-gallant sails and light toggery struck, courses clewed up, and under topsails, jib and spanker, and while men like flies were still crowding aloft, the ships one after the other passed the chops of the bay. In the meanwhile a gun from the Commodore had signalled a new operation. Anchors were already hanging in the stoppers, but now maintop-sails laid to the mast, boats were lowered in tow, and soon after each vessel rounded the fort, passed the close end of the low island, and dropped her cable in the deep water fronting the town. But just as the Admiral got the lighthouse a-beam he had sent forth a detached thunder, to which the land artillery replied in an equally sonorous fashion, and the sound sent a thrill to the heart of every boy in Newport and even a stir of hilarity to older people.

The day was not half spent, and it seemed the intention to land the troops at once, for the marine nations were heartily tired of the

cumbering Gentiles, and the guests, like cows on ship-board when they smell the land, were noisy and restless at the thought of green pastures. Accordingly a short time after a boat had come back more than once from the quay, which was not far off, things were observed to be making ready. Launches were hoisted out and soon filled with soldiers, without accident, except that half a dozen in heavy marching order, from time to time, through a misapprehension of orders, marched into the water, but were soon rescued by their active protectors, and after a severe rebuke for wetting their clothes, hung up in the ship's shrouds to dry.

Several horses too were slung from the yard-arm after a fashion that afforded not more interest to the overlookers on the wharves, than surprised sensations to the cavalry themselves. But one bold steed was left dangling in the air unusually long, while a blue-nosed major divided opinions with an officer of the deck whether it was right or not right that this particular Pegasus should have been placed there. The divergence continuing,

it was helped, while the decision as well as the horse were still in suspense, by a quarter-master and one or two captains of the land list on the one hand, and several lieutenants and master's mates on the other, until both parties agreed in despatching a message to the Colonel. The Colonel, who was three ships off, on getting the message ordered a court of inquiry to ascertain if the horse were his, secondly, a veterinary surgeon to examine his health, and lastly, sent one of his aids with a polite request to the overlooking officer to put the horse into the hold again and be d—d to him.

The working lieutenant was about to comply with this command from the sister service, when to his painful amazement and that of all in view, the belly-bands or slings, or both broke, and the horse descended tail first with nothing between him and the bottom of the harbour but twelve fathom of water. His head, however, soon rose again and apparently not disconcerted at this sudden change in his prospects, but understanding that the general object was to get ashore and deprecating any further aid of the kind he had lately received,

he pawed out for the nearest wharf slip. Several volunteers jumped over to give chase, and for some moments the pursuit was promising, but the horse got his nose over the landing float before them, and while his enthusiastic shore admirers with the help of ropes and hands were aiding him to land, the sailors were left treading water to themselves, and mortified at this want of attention they shortly struck out to return to their comrades.

Each ship discharged her burden of disciplined men at the pier-head nearest herself, and when the launches had made several trips, most of the wharves were covered with detachments of soldiers, each of which had a separate crowd of curious observers. Quarter boats and captains' gigs sufficed for the most part to bring officers ashore, indeed it seemed the higher the rank the smaller the boat. The owner of the sensible horse, for instance, made the transit in a slop dingy that chanced to be alongside and ready to return about the same moment with himself.

He had intended to keep quiet until the next day, as he considered unshipping the men

a bore that properly belonging to the major, but hearing of the accident and fearful lest the horse, landing in a strange country, without friends or letters of introduction and not speaking the language, might be imposed upon, he resolved at once to follow. The water trader charged a large sum for putting him on the end of the wrong wharf, though he had signified precisely the point at starting, but in the course of the voyage his own view had become confused and he was unable to correct the errors of the course.

His arrival was greeted by an assemblage of native hobbledehoys who asked him an immense number of questions, to which he yielded all the information in his power, but finding the air interrogative, that no sooner had he killed one, than twenty sprang on its remains, he abruptly demanded to know if any one had seen a horse land. As it happened every one had seen it, and therefore all answered in the affirmative, which naturally produced a high-winded shout that nearly pushed the field-officer into the water. His next request was that some one would have the good-

ness to tell him the way to the spot where the landing had been observed to take place. But instead of one a hundred and fifty or thereabouts all gave directions together, and as he backed up the wharf, bowing his thanks, but really in a state of considerable nervousness, they followed with indicative explanations equally unintelligible and alarming.

Thus far unfortunate, he no sooner got rid of these obliging topographers, than he decided to depend on his own intelligence, aided by quiet individual inquiry, for success in his search. He travelled to and fro unprofitably for several hours, growing more melancholy as the day wore on, though gaining at intervals a good deal of information from several civil persons, particularly that the wharf it behoved him to find was Hoppin's wharf. But his efforts always resulted in a position half a dozen slips too far to the north, or an error quite as large of southerly declination. And when he did hit the precise point, Hoppin's wharf had suddenly exchanged places with a brother pier some distance off, and when he reached the new neighbourhood it seemed to have got back again.

Wearied and perplexed at this extraordinary feature in the sea front, he decided to suspend work for the present and go directly to the lodgings provided for him, which fortunately proved discoverable, and write a note to the collector of His Majesty's Customs. On entering here he requested dinner, and this being ready or shortly served, the character of the dishes and a couple of bottles of wine had effect to withdraw his thoughts from his domestic relations and the present distress connected with them, and to leave him at last, with a handkerchief over his head, snoozing comfortably in an uncomfortable chair. But early on the next morning he had the satisfaction of learning that the horse was at the door. His pleasure was so great that on the first impulse he said: Show him up. It turned out that the horse, under the self-appointed guidance of three or four boys, had spent the same hours the previous day in hunting the Colonel, which the latter had devoted to the converse pursuit, and this perhaps in part accounted as well for their mutual disappointment as for the confused identity of the wharf-heads.

About the same time that the head of a regiment had made good his footing on the firm earth, another Newport boat with a single pair of sculls had landed a lone passenger at a spot free of soldiers. He was a firm-set rather common-looking man, with a stout stick and a boat-cloak, and being a little awkward seemed glad of the help given him to mount from the water level. This done, he was assailed like the sufferer at another point with a cloud of questions. While he was trying to give to each a categorical answer with imperfect skill but the best of humour, there was a good deal of squabbling in the back of the crowd as to his footing in the maritime society. Some said it was the cook of the big ship opposite, others inclined to the cook's scullion. Several affirmed him the steward of the midshipmen's mess, and still more saw in him a clear loblolly-boy. But all agreed in a preference for a servile capacity, until a cow doctor who inoculated largely for the small-pox, announced with a boldness that carried conviction, that the newly landed was the apothecary of the Illustrious come ashore with a large order for lemon-juice,

with which all the sailors of all the ships were made to brush their teeth every morning. There seemed however a doubt in the breast of some whether sailors had any teeth, or at least tooth-brushes.

By this time the stranger had cleverly passed the crowd; but as he was still pursued with questions, for the assent to the acidulous theory had been more sudden than enduring, which became more searching at every step he took, he at last avowed loudly that he had come ashore to buy ducks. This was followed by a general quacking, the serious meaning of which he was at a loss to discover, though its jocose aspect was unmistakeable and very much relished by him. But the nature of his vocation being thus explained, the public interest in his movements seemed to expire, and he was left to follow his own course, which doing he walked directly up to Dodshaw's.

Dodshaw was already assured of high patronage from the invaders, indeed his best suite of rooms was at the moment awaiting an important tenant. But his maxim being that

the greatest profit comes of the crowd, he wished the first impressions of his hostelry with the military plebeians to look towards the liberal and cheerful. His quick eye detected in the present comer the first chance of favouring his object. Accordingly he received him with a seductive frankness, and after a few moments a free invitation to turn over on his own responsibility any of the versatile variety before him. This was modestly declined, but still there seemed a willingness to pass more words with the friendly publican.

As you were saying, remarked Dodshaw, though the adventurer had really not broached the sentiment, there is nothing in a moral and religious view does a man so much good as drinking. Of course if he is unhappy in his mind, or his head wont work, or he's got the grumbles, or his detestables arn't ordinary, good stiff liquor of a genooine sort is the thing for him. He oughter to begin right airly on an empty stomach with bitters. It's very curious but natur has given us just what we want at moderate prices, it keeps out the fog; and I can tell you if the fog gets into a man in

this topography he is a chatterin fool for the rest of the season.

Is there much tertian here? inquired his companion. Of course there is nothing else, returned Dodshaw, its the healthiest climate in the world. You never hear of a broken leg or a bad cut, but the poor fools that's not industrious enough to drink do shake their teeth out and get a standin colour as if they was lined with indigo. There's the Bishop that was here in grandpa's time—he oughter have been a Dook, for he was a real purr specimen, of uncommon strict principles. Well, he used to say if people would only drink more they would not quarrel so much, and go to church oftener. Many a time he's sot in that corner a drawin a bowl that looked like a soap dish, and dippin out o' a wash hand basin as big as a clothes tub, with his religious companions, a jokin about the Creeks, and even speakin their hard Injin. And then sometime before he went away he sent a perlite note—I do think it was wery perlite—for my old progeny to come and see him.

Your propagator you mean, perhaps, sug-

gested the listener. But Dodshaw proceeded: My good fellow, says he, you may depend upon it those total immersionists and spiritual motionists and Presbyter noodles, and all blackguards in general, are due solely to the dissolute practice of not drinking which I see is spreading in this community. Doddy, says he, a lookin grave, I am goin to spend six Dominical days on the Banks—the captain says not more than four weeks, but I know it will be a handful of Sundays. In that part of the earth the mornins are uncommon raw, it is a decidedly unhealthy parish, and I want you to do me up thirty-six gallon bottles of your best bitters. You know I have a large ecclesiastical family, and besides I shall eat fog myself.

The stranger seemed to acquire new views, and by no means melancholy ones in their immediate effects, from this long exercitation. But the native host soon went on to treat superlatively, of the present happiness that awaited a sojourner in the old town. At last poking a stiff forefinger into the man's ribs, he assured him with a knowing wink, that he

would have lots of fun, particularly if he were a little wild. The man, though his nerves seemed to twitch a little, laughed as if he quite understood and approved the prospect; but in a short time further asked to be allowed to go to the rooms prepared for the high guest Dodshaw expected.

All right, thought Dodshaw, I knew he was one of his lordship's men, and forthwith led the way. As they entered, the door was closed behind them, and what passed none could know but themselves. But when in a few moments Dodshaw reissued alone, his mouth was stretched wide enough to put his foot in, his eyes were like coffee saucers, his hair had a porcupine rigidity, and gliding noiselessly down the stairs, though each stride devoured several, he made straight for the bar parlour where stood Mistress Dodshaw. Here his general features remained as before, with the addition that his arms waved about in a truly frantic manner. It appeared that he wished to speak, but in vain; and at last, apparently in a state of the most obtuse wretchedness, he threw himself heavily into a chair. Again he rallied

to the charge, confronting the fat woman his wife, but no sound followed the effort, and it was plain though he could not shut his mouth that he was yet speechless and probably out of his wits.

These extraordinary movements divided Mrs. Dodshaw between applying restoratives to her husband and divining by every means in her power the cause of his malady. Her exertions continued until returning words, entrecouped with high groans and vocal struggles, seemed to take a rational form. Of course I—I stuck a finger, said the unhappy Dodshaw, in his ribs. I asked him—if—if he warn't—a little wild! Oho! Oho! How could you do such a thing? exclaimed Mrs. Dodshaw, without the least nuderstanding of the extent of the injury or to whom it referred.

In the meantime the outside of the house was battered with an anatic chorus that justified a belief that all the ducks of the thirteen colonies or a great part of them had assembled at the door. It penetrated the hall and equally touched the verge of the little parlour, but wherever reaching brought with it a throng

of female hucksters, each with her musical instrument in the shape of open wicker or close basket, and each adding a vocal sound demanding to see the gentleman that had shortly before entered the house. It was plain whom they meant, but the rest of the theory was preposterous. Dodshaw, who had recovered oral power but hardly his spirits, had great difficulty in uprooting from the noisy spoonbills and their owners the conviction they had taken up, and in finally establishing the futility of the hopes that inspired them. At last he said: Go away you fools, it is all a mistake. Take a drink, if you will, and pay in the cussed mud-eaters, but mind I shall give no change. These conditions, however, did not invite acceptance and the crowd dispersed themselves unrefreshed.

When the jolly-boats had completed their work, the detached bodies of soldiers debouched through the streets and narrow passages that led from the water to form line in Thames-street. Here the side-walks presented a living mass larded with babies and fringed with innumerable boys, and the windows of

the houses thronged with admiring women. The popular pleasure seemed at its height, for never before had Newport seen such a sight, not even when the grandfather of Shirley marched through the town with his company of thirteen privates and nine firelocks to take shipping for Canso, and having lost his own, though with a cold in the head, borrowed en passant a handkerchief from Kesiah Ward, with her initials on it, which he never returned.

Everything was admired, from the handsome legs of ensigns generally cased in silk stockings, to the feathers that fluttered with feeling along the scarlet line, but particularly the long queues and solid paste of the grenadiers, for though all the soldiers were thus dressed, the queues of these were longer as the men themselves were taller. The smirking hair-dresser, too, with his box of implements strapped before him, as he marched en queue to a company, or took up with the doctors and mess-cooks in the rear, was regarded with favour as the cause of beauty, if not a beauty himself. The great variety of upturned faces, each of

which in ordinary times had been enlisting, but was now peculiarly open-mouthed and unmeaning, perplexed and pleased the connoisseurs in the way they most liked to be charmed.

The troops, with whom recent sea-sickness and confinement set off the present delights, returned the glances and smiles and even flattering words with uncommon zeal. Their *abandon* indeed neglected somewhat the punctilios of parade, which necessitated more or less recourse to the cane, then an approved medium of soldierly instruction. It was generally applied on this occasion by severe serjeants, who took peculiar delight in stealthily gaining the arrears of a man, just as he was kissing his hand, and all soul and quite lost in spiritual sensations, and thwacking the unconscious reverse with a vigour that more than convinced him his sensibility was not confined to the moral affections. But in one instance a plethoric captain, with indignant countenance, dragged a long combatant from the ranks, and holding him at arms length administered a correction, that, judging by the

delinquent's cries and fulsome promises of amendment, must have been severe.

The state of things naturally led perhaps to some confusion; officers and men were separated from their companies, and companies from their regiments. The perspiring staff in bag perruques and hog-skin breeches, thinking of bright eyes rather than the dead whites of brigadiers, galloped up and down with orders too often contrarious or unintelligible. The general dislocation too was attended with loss of parts, for in one instance a wing of a regiment was wanting under extraordinary circumstances.

The lieutenant-colonel having mistaken his position, got word to move to the north until ordered to halt. Wheeling out of line he threaded the crowd in broken sections, and marching straight before him brought his command into a simply rural scene with the prospect of further country seclusion. The aid-de-camp having set the battalion in motion was diverted by an object of different gender to his own, but not more humanizing than engrossing. Bound not to quit the spot sooner

than he could possibly help, he pretended to be officially contemplating a battery of guns with which he had nothing in the world to do, but was really devoted to the interchange of optical views with a piece of artillery mounted in a window. He was convinced the report of disaffection in the country was a mistake, and that the inhabitants were full of love and regard for their fellow-subjects. At last it flashed upon him, that probably by this time the seventy-second, far in an enemy's country, had been surrounded and forced to capitulate, and that he himself would certainly be shot for neglect of duty.

Startled by the thought he pitched head-foremost into the opening crowd and rode for his life, followed by the cries of several rough women whom his movement discomposed, and a slight volley of dirt from some boys whom it had also deranged. At the extreme left the regiment was nowhere to be seen, nor could any one say where it would probably be found, and as there were two ways he took the wrong one, and scampering up the hill reached the top to find the retiring red-coats quite as

invisible as they were at the bottom. Still desperately alarmed at the consequences of his folly, the young man almost resolved to ride straight into the heart of the continent and turn rebel.

In the meanwhile the commandant of the runaways had also been deluded by a fatuous fire. Before escaping the labyrinth of the street, he had observed two native lasses forerunning him some twenty yards, who inspired desire for further acquaintance, and if attractive seemed also by the smiles they threw behind to be themselves attracted. The superior officer, very young for his years, passed at once into their ideas, and proceeded to signalize in a way to have a forward effect while incapable of being observed from the rear. But the major who followed observing unusual motions in the cocked hat and speaking tail before him, demanded of himself the cause, and soon stumbled on an easy discovery that prompted him also to emit a series of featural signs, regulated on somewhat similar principles to those of his chief. The adjutant still farther behind soon had occasion to believe

there was something wrong with the major's head, and the reason as well as the fact being shortly apparent, he also became a telegrapher not less active than the others.

The young women if seeming to invite pursuit, also seemed wishful to make it more rapid, which obliged the Colonel to change too slow a pace to quickstep, occasionally without turning his head rejecting an admonition to the major to hurry, which the latter passed to his subordinates with sensible effect on the rate of progress. Pressed by the attentions of a larger body than was intended, for a couple of armed men would have been agreeable, but a thousand was too much, the rural peahens gradually became fluttered, and as they did so hastened their steps; but the pursuing force had also a reserve of speed and directly used it. At last, appalled at a danger that threatened to be overwhelming, they took without reservation to their heels, and straightway the Colonel forgetful of all but the anxieties of the chase, got into a trot, and doing so brought his swaggering infantry on the run.

The pursuit might have been a long one,

but it lasted until the fugitives, with loud gallinaceous cries and blundering efforts, burst through a straggling fence and vanished in the fields. The force was then halted, and while the mounted officers wiped their brows, a consultation was held which resulted in returning the way they had come, and fortunately they again reached Thames-street before the main array had broken ground.

This and other accidents repaired, by degrees, after much marching and countermarching, in spite of the efforts of the etat-major, the line got into order, with its left resting on the point of the Parade, and the right stretching quite into a suburban territory, and at this moment platoons were ordered to bring forward their right shoulders, to ground arms and stand at ease. It was the design, as was soon apparent, that the army should bivouack that night on the esplanade that touched the west end of Easton's beach about two miles from the town. Already permission had been asked by the authorities acting for those at a distance, and readily granted, for it was like to have something of the temporary

effect of raising to the value of city lots what was only farm land. Since the morning, camp stores had been sent to the ground, and working detachments had been pitching tents, digging cooking-holes, and otherwise preparing things for the establishment of their comrades. Though the men were to rough it in camp, many officers who could afford it, and some who could not, had licence to accommodate themselves with lodgings in the town if they preferred to do so.

Here the troops remained for several months; but before they left they were threatened by an enemy from the northern end of the island, even superior to themselves, which obliged them not only to entrench their camp, but beginning at this point on the sea, to carry their lines across the island. In addition they occupied and strengthened with works commanding points both within and without the circumvallation that was intended to cover Newport. Among these they scarped the top of Tammany, threw up ramparts, excavated water-cisterns, levelled a spacious *place d'armes* with magazines and barracks for a not very

considerable garrison, and subsequently haled up heavy guns to the embrasures.

At last towards the close of a long day, amid the shouts of excited youngsters, the waving of white handkerchiefs, the swaying of crowds much too large for the narrow side walks, and a good deal of noise and loud talking in the ranks, the long column got into motion. Winding along the side of the town park, it took the road over the top of the hill, to the music of kettle-drums and old-fashioned serpents, with regimental colours drooping heavily in the hot air. But on passing the Generous Indian, where the host and his whole domestic troop stood smiling in wondering delighted array, tambour and fife, wind-pieces and cymbals, rolled out a distinct flourish, as the files presented arms, the officers kissed their swords, and each colour-staff lowered, not out of respect to Dodshaw, but to his unseen guest.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE inhabitants of the town generally welcomed the landing of the king's troops with cordiality. They should not have been less alive than others to the grievances of the country, but were more restrained by self-interest, and this was likely to be soothed by the advent of so many and excellent pay-masters. To Seixas the arrival of the soldiers brought a real satisfaction, though his pleasure was secret and unobtrusive. There will be no mobs now, thought he, no danger of the scurvy people breaking into one's cellars and warehouses.

Dodshaw too, having survived the effects of his wretched mis-intelligence with the commander of the forces,—for it was indeed the highest personage in the military state whom fortune had done him the ill-turn to throw unknown on his hands,—in very few days or hours wore a beaming face in keeping with the common joy. While others were only looking forward to a future harvest, he seemed to be already gathering fruit, for not only his best but most of his apartments had been engaged by officers seeking quarters, and the prospect of an overflowing house for an indefinite period was not more certain than delightful.

The sun of contentment that cheered the low land of business, also gilded regions higher and naturally not so dull. The gay world of Newport, as if with light and pleasure, sparkled as a glacier at mid-day. The leaders as well as ranks of the army of fashion stood like a battle line before the signal gun; but soon the explosions began, and parties were fired off, sometimes great guns, and sometimes in volleys or a rolling delivery, not more incessant than bewildering.

Malbone was not the first to entertain at dinner, though among the early ones. His invitations had been out a day or two when he met two or three of the fashionable men from Whitfield's in the street, and said to them: By-the-bye, come up to Blowhard Hall on Thursday. If you have not your cards, you will find them when you get home. I cant have everybody, for my table is not as big as Connanicut, but I must have you. You will see some of the English fellows and the finest women I can find in Newport.

The event had excited interest, for it was known that he managed such affairs with a taste and judgment not always found with the owners of good wine and other facilities. The fair sex particularly found pleasure in appearing on his boards, where everything was looked on with curiosity and a disposition to be pleased. The objections that some might hold to an establishment not presided over by a lady, were balanced by the joy of being entertained by a bachelor, or lost in the sentiment that things were as properly arranged at his house as that of any ruling woman in the

town. Indeed, Malbone had long been a pillar of Newport society and upheld so constantly its amusements, as to attract a paternal character, enforced by the influence he held, without election but without dispute, as quasi master of ceremonies in a community that prized religious freedom not more than elegant intercourse.

The day at last arrived, and the hour approaching, the guests were seen wending their way, detached but at no great intervals, in Broad-street. At the corner of the Parade there was quite a crowd of boys sent on hasty errands, and older people who had a great deal to do, for this was a point that commanded most comers. At first two or three chairs conveyed their unseen burdens, then a chariot and pair, then a horseman with black attendant, subsequently more chairs, even a clerical carry-all with two reflective gentlemen deep on the back seat looking to the heavens, and a bundle on the front with two eyes dragging along the ground. Again chariots and even well-shrouded ladies or gentlemen on foot, but all tending one way and that *extra muros*, and all turning after

clearing the suburbans down a lane to the left.

The lane followed its line of beauty nearly due west, but not very far until it entered the grounds of the giver of the feast. Here it put on an ornate look, cutting neatly through a smooth turf, flanked on either hand by trees placed there for beauty if not for shade. Along this the slow procession clomb the hill westward of the mansion; but as it did so the water and the town and even the house were lost to view, for either the road was shut up in ornamental forest, or a mass of foliage lay in the line that might have restored any of them to sight. At last it opened on a shelf in high air, where the prospect burst into full perfection, and landed the convives at the entrance of the hotel Malbone.

Malbone received his company in a drawing-room, whose windows commanded sea and land for many miles, which like all parts of this earth seen from a distance were exceedingly beautiful. His dress was handsome and in extremely good taste. His coat of black silk with silver buttons, his hair soft and swelling

like the white of an eider duck, his lace abundant, he wore his pearl sword and best diamonds, his face was dressed in smiles and his manners perfumed with grace. Still he was not more highly accomplished than most of his guests.

Madam Folsom was surrounded by a guinea brocade that could stand of itself against a considerable wind, her red heels were of the newest style, and her jewels noticeable heir-looms that must have come of at least two houses. Madam Champlin, not more than others, vied with her in richness of material, though her stones were less costly or at least fewer, and her stomacher not so striking. But what is strange, the young women if not so imposing were more attractive, and without so much wealth had a great deal more to give away. Miss Morris was adorned to the degree her subdued endowments would bear, though her intellectual halo really made her figure very droll and pleasing; but this simplicity seemed anything rather than defect of fortune. Several of the belles of Newport excelled her in outer embellishment; but Miss Hartley,

though rivalling the best in beauty, was as simply dressed as Miss Morris.

The gentlemen were not behind their sisters in taste, though probably so in sumptuary outlay. If the English officers reflected the rarest fashion of professional garb, they had little beyond this to boast over the provincial toilet. Willing and Clymer and others abundantly proved that civil life has little to learn of military science, and also that *savoir faire* is not less a plant of different soils than of separate climes. Morrisania particularly, who had caught his manners at the French court, and captured some deft devices of dress in the same atmosphere, compared favourably in all points, in the opinion of some and his own, with the livery of George. But all this without disparagement, for Bellona's boys certainly looked and acted the men of the world with effect, and the art to conceal art that is always winning and no less comfortable.

The company had now all entered except the known defectives, and Malbone was doing his best to illustrate the interval before dinner, though the hum that filled the room seemed to

call for little effort on his part. I am sorry to say, he whispered Madam Folsom as they stood before a window, the Commander-in-Chief wont be with us to day. Note tells me he has a fierce gout for forty-eight hours, he brought with him from England, and expects to take back again. Hope he will, for I don't want such things here. It is so, replied the lady, his alderney came with a message just before I left home.

To tell you he had the black bull? returned Malbone, corrugating his eyelids and pondering. Ah, that orderly is a likely man. I staked off his shadow the other day, and my watch gave the time of day, and this the height of the sun and that the vertical, so he is six feet two without his cap. Gad! would not I be happy were I as tall as Lady Folsom!

Oh, that is nothing, replied Madam Folsom soothingly, dignity is in the mind. I have known many little figures have dignity. But his Lordship, she continued, hopes to play whist at my house a day next week.

That is what he should do, rejoined Malbone. Shouldn't touch a drop of wine. But he has

sent two of his staff—No, that is Major Prescott; you know Prescott? of course you do, for he came in your chariot. How you do pick up all the best things!—it must be affinity.

He is no relation, returned Madam Folsom. I mean chemical attraction, mutual gravitation, said Malbone. Ah, that is another affair, she replied.

Nice fellow! dont you think so? said Malbone, recurring to the favourites of the staff. This is Captain Auchmuty, that is young Fraser, and that is—he has got a name but I cannot remember it. And there is Morrisania. He has been to England to see his ancestors.

I hope he found them quite well, returned the lady. Pretty comfortable, good houses but rather small. And thus replying, Malbone turned to the window and remarked dispersively: Out of this, Madam Folsom, you look directly on the coast of Africa.

Madam Folsom raised her eyes with a searching air, and answered in a disappointed tone: I dont see it. Nevertheless it is there,

said Malbone, sliding off to another of his guests, I am sure of it.

With this new interlocutor he straightway began: I am grieved to say the Commander of the Forces wont be with us to day—Note says a shocking access of podagra for two days, and is as fast as a house wall. Poor old man! I thought the staff always had it when he had, replied the young lady he addressed. They certainly ought, continued Malbone, and I wish they could have it instead.

But the news having made its proper impression, he directly turned on his heel and accosted another: I am vexed to say his Excellency the General in command won't be with us to day—Note speaks for itself, got a great gout, makes him roar to think of putting it to the ground. He continued thus to distribute to each separately what seemed most important or interesting for the moment, and before long few of the guests but were aware that the Commander-in-Chief would not be with them to-day, and also of the cause of the privation.

The dinner was shortly announced, and the

master of the house was obliged to bestir himself in the affair of conveying his guests from one room to another. It was necessary to have regard to precedence, for provincial strictness exceeded that of the mother-country, and at the same time for obvious reasons was more difficult to satisfy. He was also bound to provide a gentleman for each lady, who should hand her by the tip of the longest finger without touching it to table, and sit by her side when there. His arrangements had been foreordained, or he showed great quickness in marshalling degrees; but his simple principle, at once simple and compensatory, seemed to be, questions of most worthy settled, to apportion all the young men to all the old ladies, and give all the marriage-affecting women to grey hairs or no hairs at all but what were planted in a wig.

Thus disagreeably distributed or artfully arranged the guests stood over the feast, and Hartley, on a signal from Malbone, having said grace, in as few words as custom would permit though it required a good many, they all proceeded from thankfulness to enjoyment.

The room was large and the company numerous, but the people who wore the badge of napery were also multitude. From the light-complexioned men that have the air of ministers of state, and no doubt would make very good ones, they fell through darkening tints and thickening features, to the little Huz and Buz that have not much ability beyond a grinning good nature.

The soup had passed, the fish had been praised, the cherry-bounce and ratafia sipped, the rest of the table been filled with covers, when a large and enduring void at Malbone's end first excited surprise and then caused him a severe agitation. He looked at the chief butler, and the chief butler looked at a door, that now shut up a small entry, through which however, all the previous dishes had come, as if expecting a knock or other signal to make known that the grand plat was waiting outside to change horses. But the sign was still wanting, and the début seemed indefinitely postponed.

Bless my soul, said Malbone in a dejected voice to his neighbour Madam Champlin,

what can come of the big saddle, steel-yarded forty pounds? I shall take poison. Madam Champlin, looking over the top of her fan, essayed to console him with some delusive suggestions of a purely suppositious nature, but in vain. The misery was fast coming to a head, everybody was expecting, twenty things were growing cold, and the hearts of the company colder.

Malbone seemed debating with his thoughts whether to commit some violence on himself, when strange scratchings, and occasionally a sodden thump, soon passing into a pound, were heard to proceed from the dark entry in question. Presently faint cries, and even the names of living persons, such as Decius, Jacob, George, and Perseverance, but all in the flat tones of a distressful despair. The head man and his underlings hardly waited a motion to run forward, and throwing open the door, displayed to view a fat cook, or large black woman, reeking with well-known odours, whose arms held a long dish, heavily weighted with the expected mutton.

This unhappy creature, unhappy in her size,

her burden, and the narrow passage she navigated, had jammed her fingers cruelly, and at last stuck fast, where to go on she could not, and to withdraw was impossible, nor could she drop the saddle or jump over it though it was feasible to make an overfall of rich gravy. As the door opened, the blaze of light and gaze of so many high people added moral distress to physical sufferings. Indeed, the writhings of her fluffy features as they leaned over the savoury mountain-land, the beseechings of her pandemonic eye as willing to waddle she was held to stay, touched even her master with pity. But half-a-dozen hands soon released both the broad back and the broader artist from their position, and remitting cook to her own domain placed the chief dish on the table.

This obstruction overcome, the spirits of the company resumed their genial flow. The inter-arrangement of the guests proved to be compatible with a good deal of enjoyment. Prescott occasionally made a remark to Madam Wigglesworth, whom he could touch at all points, at least her palisadoes, but his eyes were usually shooting a diagonal to a distant

part of the coast where sat Miss Hartley, who if then reverting to the absent Church may have thought his privation compensated by the pleasure her presence evidently gave to his brother man. To a hibernating woman, also, whose name he had failed to hear, for he was sometimes rather deaf, Auchmuty was attached, and what Prescott did well he managed better. At times he played the agreeable without seeing his septuagint, and answered questions without hearing them; but all his absent moments were spent with a highly-endowed virginal on the opposite side, to reach whom he was obliged to cross fire as it were with Prescott.

Fraser made a few catechetical responses to his protectress, but the vigour of his powers was truly spent in perusing a face that if not more inviting had the advantage of being more distant. With these precautions the tender youths were not as much injured by rolling in ashes so long, as their correlatives who for an equal time suffered the reflections of memory from dirty lumps of ice. The elderly men indeed, not less busy than their

youngers, were as fussy and happy as men in their position well could be. The young ladies too, most of whom could speak two languages and had two sides, used their powers to the best advantage. One, it is true, helped green peas on her neighbour's snuff-box, and another pretended to fork her spinach with a spectacle case, but in the main they were reasonable and not more amiable than interesting.

The custom of drinking healths was then raging, and the present occasion afforded an example of its virulence. The black servants circulating round the table were constantly bobbing at the wrong ear, frequently of the wrong person, with a name that very often proved a changed child. Auchmuty, a man of lively sensibilities, having done much for propriety, at last ventured on a felicity, but the result of his project was to find himself firing with a dowager of the house of Coddington, a very respectable house but very old lady. Resolved to succeed, he again despatched a message with peculiar safeguards, and brought up with the grandmother of the youngest man at table.

Fraser again was not more fortunate or less disappointed. With the restlessness that distinguishes young people, he sent a provocative to the maiden whose face he had long admired, and watched the effect. He had the happiness of seeing the invitation graciously accepted, of following the preparatives with anxiety, but then with all her efforts, though the young lady bestowed inquiring appeals on many young men in turn, the giver could by no means be found. Fraser would have cried out Here you are! if propriety had at all permitted it, but he slewed a hard elbow into his old chairfellow and upset a butter-boat instead. Upon the whole, however, the business went on briskly, the bashful becoming more awkward and the modest more impudent, with "rounds" or "sentiments," which scholars now write for copies, but wine and dinner spirits in that age made to shine with something of intellectual honour.

These that had preceded the removal of the cloth, were still followed by toasts after that event. Malbone clattered on the table and stood up to propose The King and confound

his enemies! Politics of course were excluded on such an occasion, and the sentiment was not then likely to be unfriendly to Newport society; but two or three were observed to reverse their glasses and pour a little wine on top, which signified if anything a pleading with confession and avoidance rather than accord and satisfaction.

I next give you, said Malbone, our friends the army. Think of Quebec and fill a bumper. The command having been obeyed with zeal, particularly by the ladies, with the exception that some, indeed most, were not at all thinking of Quebec, the gentleman whose name Malbone had been unable to remember, and which must therefore remain unknown, was called on to acknowledge it. He was a comely man but quite unaccustomed to public speaking, and his utterance was subsequently reported thus: Gentlemen and ladies! I feel my excellent self—not at a loss to say—to our unworthy host—the flattering merits far exceed the poor sentiment. Ladies I can only add, and that desperately difficultly, we hope to die with your arms in our hands, if it displeases heaven.

The time approached for putting out the lights; in other words for the ladies to leave the board they at once found and made attractive. It was their part to retire to the withdrawing-room, with stragglers from the besieging force or subsequent deserters, and generally there were few of either. On this occasion only three or four, who having dined out six days running enlisted with the ladies to avoid a seventh-day headache. Henry Hartley made another. This numerous female society, all carrying smelling-bottles and liable to fainting-fits, with an indivisible leaven of men, were to amuse themselves with cards and coffee as long as they pleased. But it was irregular and rebellious to depend any longer on the movements of the gentlemen, to divert them with masked messages or futile inquiries; the Jehus and their mistresses well understanding that the burden the former had brought in a single journey, might require to be returned in two reprises.

The separation politely effected, with the expression of gallant regrets on the one side, particularly from the host, and pouting looks

on the other, Malbone, supported by a flagon-bearer on either hand, with more carriers behind, made his quick procession to the other end of the table, the company closed their ranks, and the serious business of the evening began.

Now we shall be happy, said Malbone with a chuckle. Port and sherry are good for some philosophers, but I prefer claret. By-the-bye, he said to those near him, did you hear?—the Commissioner of Stamps was out this morning, and just as he got to my gate his horse shied at the wind-mills, and away he went flying. Was he hurt? was asked all round. A severe pain in his sacred bone, I believe, replied Malbone, but it was a wonder it did not run his legs into his stomach. At this moment an enormous bowl of hot punch was landed, the smoke curled to the ceiling, while its odours led captive every nose with gladness. It was intended to supplement the wine, though the provision of the latter was adapted to a high rate of consumption, and before the wine was done with the punch would probably be cold.

Mr. Malbone! spoke Auchmuty, whose mind

ran much on maids, why dont they have nice parlour-maids here as they do at home? You seem to have all your servants in mourning. No, no, replied Malbone, I would as lieve have a boat-sail dragged round my table. Always a catching in the back of your chair, or a hitching your bag as if they were going to pull your hair off, added a voice near him. And jolting your shoulder with an awkward arm not so long but quite as stiff as a boat-hook, objected another dissentient. And the noise of their clothes, interposed a third, such a rustling of home-made taffeta and domestic madrepollams! To my mind I would rather have a fowl cry, I am eating. In fact, said Malbone, with his hand on the claret, woman's inconsequential habits and weakness of reasoning power utterly unfit her for so serious, so important a duty.

Auchmuty, finding his favourite maids had missed the popular esteem, at once deserted them. But by this time two elders in the neighbourhood had agreed to be of opposite opinions on a question of recent or middle-aged history. The point was, whether a certain

vessel, captured by an enemy, had been so inside or no of a certain port. The affirmant averred that she had been seized alongside the wharf or quay. But driven from this by a crowd of voices, he surrendered the quay and stood out for the harbour. Once more routed by the evidence, he fell back on the embracing headlands. Here again severely pressed he placed his back, with every appearance of determination, against the line of coast. But conquered here also, he at last turned to bay ten marine leagues from the shore, as the limit of the port in question, and ended where he had begun, that the prize was taken when not out of port.

At any rate we are out of port, exclaimed a voice, and have been for a long time. This excited the commiseration of all who heard it, and the attempts to redress the wrong were so many and lasting as to embarrass the complainant. But at this moment some friendly chorister struck up a shuffling chant, which was instantly matched from the far-end of the table-land by an equally vociferous and discordant refrain.

The music if not the cause seemed at least a proof that the tide of debauch was near its flood. The uproar and heat, the swinging glare of the lights, the rocking of most other things, though apparently not incommoding the pleasures of the revelry to most, began to excite symptoms of weariness or dislike in Doctor Hartley. He would willingly have gone away, but either did not wish to or could not leave Fitzgibbon behind. His design was to make known to the latter at some distance and on the opposite side his desire that both should leave. With this view he began to work his natural semaphore—he winked and blinked, advanced his chin, retreated his head, flung his fore-finger; but Fitzgibbon, immersed in the scene or stupefied in intelligence, though at times his eye glided over his friend, always failed to read the unphonetic writing.

At last the despairing Doctor, still hoping persistency might succeed where variety had failed, determined to hoist his jack union down, and keep the signal of distress flying. Accordingly he pinned up his left cheek, somewhat drawing the mouth along with it, and even

disturbing a nostril, and screwed his eye in a way to glue up the sight, and expected the effect which his other organ watched for in vain.

Meanwhile his neighbour on this side turning to address him, was startled to see an expression so anomalous and inexplicable. He rested for a moment entranced by the sight, but at last composed himself in the belief that the thing was a figment of his own fevered senses, or that such was the Doctor's normal contour under conditions of two or three bottles and the closing hours of a row. But he recurred to his first intention and spoke:—I say, Doctor Hartley, I met your friend Mr. Fitzgibbon the other day—rather odd, is'nt he? Has he a wife and children?

No, emphatically responded the Doctor, disturbed in his object, but still trying to keep his signal readable, and roused to a didactic style by this assault on his friendship. No! he repeated, but though not reproducing his species bodily, he has contributed a good deal to the succession of mental qualities of the best description; and to those who esteem the ethereal not the least important of human

elements, men like Fitzgibbon must ever have a merit proportioned to the usefulness of propagating parts too often overlooked by the common industry of plodding conventionalists.

Before the inquirer could recover from this solid retort, Malbone was seen through the haze on end while exclaiming at the top of his voice: The gentleman who stated the principle of maritime law is called upon to drink three bumpers, and give a toast.

The delinquent, who was no other than Morrisania, rose in his place. His features were pale and haggard, his laced cravat drawn and ropy, his long vest open low down, his bosom ruffles stained and spoiled, as he steadied himself imperfectly and over-filled his glass with untrue aim. He waved his beaker, and so doing its contents spilled. But with a passing energy his figure stiffened, his look was defiant as, in tones that resembled the scream of an eagle more than the voice of a man, he was heard to say: Success to rebellion!

The company fell back as if a thunder-bolt had fallen on the table—chairs were upset, glasses broken, and in the flashing of angry

looks and the din of excited voices it could only be discerned that several apologists were striving to soothe the turmoil and protect the offender. But the wrath so suddenly roused was as quickly suspended, for at this moment an unaccountable but pungent cloud, sailing along the board and filling the room as well, thickened the breath and wrung the eyes of all alike. It had already dimmed the lights and would soon bring darkness, when the fat cook issuing from the same narrow strait where she had lately been stranded, and which perhaps nothing short of a fatal conjuncture had led her to enter again, worked swiftly up to the head of the table, scattering on all sides the fearful news: Mass'r, the house is all a-fire!

Malbone remained fixed and staring, not so much as if stunned by the blow as pondering the measures it required. But his company, forgetting their anger, or shedding it from watery eyes, dispersed at the word, trusting themselves to unknown doors and almost unseen passages to meet shortly with few exceptions in the hall at the foot of the grand staircase. Here a thick smoke impervious to sight

was rolling down the steps, and threatened to bar all access to the second floor. The servants running to and fro were mourning and useless, and the guests themselves appalled and undetermined. But suddenly the owner of the premises debouched rapidly on the scene, and without uttering a word or lessening his pace made straight for the forbidden stairs.

Pull him back — he will have asphyxia! shouted several voices. And while the words were still sounding, many hands had forcibly withdrawn him from the danger. He listened to the arguments of his captors in silence, but watching his chance slipped from their grasp, and again darted up the staircase. Again his pursuers recovered him, but as they did so he cried in a voice of high anguish: Save, O save my wife!

These words, striking all with astonishment, nearly knocked Doctor Hartley down, and set Fitzgibbon dancing on his toes against a wall in the most remarkable manner. At last the Doctor recovering his presence of mind or activity, loudly demanded Where? To which.

the unhappy Malbone having as distinctly responded First dressing-room to the right, the courageous man, with a red bandanna stopping his mouth, strode into the cloud, followed by companions as brave as himself. Feeling the bannister, and constantly recalling his thoughts to the indentity of his right side, above all nearly stifled for the want of air and the bad quality of the little he had, he soon reached the door. It was locked; but, reversing his front and making more than one obeisance to the blind adventurers in his train, he overcame the resistance and burst backwards into a new gloom not less solid than the old.

Crossing his leg over the threshold, he addressed in singular terms the unseen occupant: Madam—certificate—I presume. Pinned inside my kerchief, answered a faint voice from the darkness.

Hartley clasped his arms round what he took to be a young woman. Fitzgibbon, sure he had been fortunate in his capture, encircled both. Two or three bulky men further surrounded all, and as the ball became larger others attached themselves as best they

could, and thus like a knot of earth-worms they rolled or tumbled down stairs, and finally reached the point whence they had set out. Amid a chorus of sneezing and coughing, while most of the company were blowing their noses or fondling their eyes, Malbone quickly disentangled the prize, and half carrying her in his arms, though the statue was by no means a light one, vanished in an adjoining room, the door of which he closed.

The alarm of conflagration soon resolved itself into this, that the fat cook, in obedience to the tradition of such occasions, had fired the flue as well as cooked the dinner, and nearly burned the house down. But the harm eventually went no further than to fill the upper rooms with an immense deal of smoke, and to reveal a social fact of great importance. The servants were no less wonder-stricken than the guests, with the exception of the fat cook, who if any signs be true had been made a repositary of her master's secret.

Hartley and Fitzgibbon, the crisis passed, having gathered the general features of the position, waited no longer, but left the crowd

and proceeded directly to their carriage. Pharaoh Jakes, who had aided the servile jollities and assisted in the fright, besides sleeping a good deal, and was somewhat enervated by these tasks, informed them he had taken the old people home three hours since, and then returned for the young one. The air was cool, the night fine, but only the stars were to light them on their way, except the help given by a few belated fire-flies, and presently the wheels were slowly crunching the gravel while the friends inside sat wrapped in stillness.

I am sure, said the Doctor, after his thoughts had had time to come to a point, I shall not be happy to-morrow. Well, you have been happy to-day at any rate, mumbled Fitzgibbon. These affairs always unsatisfactory, continued Hartley. Always say it will be the last, and always comes another—and then to set his house on fire! Well, awkward people would have burnt it down, retorted Fitzgibbon sleepily.

What an extraordinary event! again spoke the Doctor. The suddenness of the surprise,

the indelicacy of the disclosure, the confusion—the deception—I cant speak of it.

He says he is going to avow his wife to-morrow, returned Fitzgibbon. I think so, said the Doctor, after such a course—such freebootery and double feeling—under the ridge-pole and subsequent revealing. O Malbone! Malbone! who would have thought it? Besides he nearly burnt his con-confidante. If people will only give him time, added Fitzgibbon.

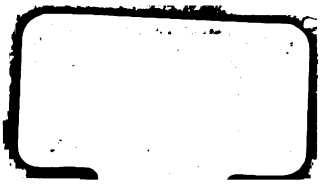
After a long pause, during which both had been listening to the music of the wheels or the grinding of their own thoughts, or sleeping, Fitzgibbon suddenly roused himself and resumed: He says it was a defect in his chimney.

Dont mind what he says, dont tell me such a thing, returned the Doctor tartly. It was a defect in his moral nature; palpable case of original sin, if I ever saw it in my life. Oh that, said Fitzgibbon. Clearly he has degraded, or has not degraded which is worse, an honourable estate, continued the Doctor. Oh, his estate is quite large enough to support her—no fear, said Fitzgibbon.

After another unhappy silence, Dont I smell of smoke? asked Hartley. Distinctly pyroligneous but honourable flavour, answered Fitzgibbon. Why did you not come away sooner? continued the former. Oh it would not do to leave before the fire, said Fitzgibbon; and besides I did not wish to do so before you were ready.

Hypocrite! ejaculated the Doctor. But after a short time relapsing into his usual tenderness, he again spoke: Pull your cloak well about your jaws, and dont undo your mouth more than shall be absolutely necessary, or you will have trouble again with that old fellow. You may depend you will. Your pores are open now, and that is always a dangerous state. Fitzgibbon obeyed the injunction so well that hardly another word was spoken until the carry-all drew up at the door, and both had entered the house, when finding that Henry and Miss Hartley had long since retired, they followed their example.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

SEP 2 - 1931